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Cynthia

By Betty D. Thornley

Illustrated by Frederic Grant

THERE never had been a crowd like it since the little city was born. Every street car, every jitney, every bicycle and every baby carriage seemed on the move east. Yet nobody said, "Where are you going?" And to-morrow there wouldn't be a line about it in either of the papers.

The Battalion was leaving, that was all. And the little city's heart beat, and stopped, and beat again like a great muffled drum.

Cynthia was one of the crowd, a strange, sad, two-days' little bride, praying and being proud and winking the tears stubbornly back all at the same time. Bob was just a private in D. Company, a gentleman-ranker Englishman with a variegated history and a great new hope in his heart. He had told her not to come; to let the last good-bye stand till he came home again. But she couldn't. She was drawn by an unreasoning, over-mastering desire to see him again, no matter how far off, to see him say a word to a comrade perhaps, to watch the well-remembered swing of his shoulders as he mounted into the car, to catch a last white glimpse of him, God willing, as the train pulled out.

There was a huge square formed of the other Battalion, the younger sons of the Fourth Contingent who were not yet ripe to die. They were drawn up outside the city in a place of warehouses and burnt-grass commons. Down the centre of the square ran the twin-steel diameters of the tracks, with a long line of empty coaches, engineless and inert.

Outside the cordon, thousands and packed thousands of silent, tense human beings strained for a place next the line. The Battalion that staid were loath to keep them back but discipline is discipline even on leaving day.

THEN, far down the street you heard the long roll of the drums and the band, swinging its music skyward toward the still October clouds. It was playing "Tipperary" of course—the mad, foolish, unmeaning little tune that the Battalion to go had now earned, the marching song of an Empire that delights to hide "Rule Britannia" and "Nearer My God to Thee" under the bushel of bravado, just as it calls its wife "old woman" and the Union Jack "the rag."

The crowd didn't cheer. Such crowds never do. They don't dare, perhaps. This one recognized that there are things too tremendous and too volcanic to be given speech. It cried a bit, those of it that had kiddies to bend over; it coughed a bit, those of it whose eyes ached troopward with the longing to shed ten years and be in it; it prayed a bit, doubtless, the whole dim-conscious heart of it. But it didn't cheer.

Cynthia stood wedged between a Cockney mother of four and three girls, arm-linked, who chewed their handkerchiefs. Over and over the same words beat through her brain, "Oh God, take care of us, take care of us, take care of us!"

"Us." That's the key-word of the universe. Until you have the "us" of life ground into you—until you love and hope and fear and pray for somebody else outside and yet inside the

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mysterious confines of your own personality—you're a child, a flower, a cloud adrift. But you're no human, no racking, suffering, wondering, living part of God's world.

"OH Gawd," moaned the little mother, "there 'e is! Jimmy, Jimmy!"

The linked-armed girls were hatless and a-tiptoe. They had three sweethearts who couldn't be brought to

attention, because their eyes roved so, seeking each his own in the vast tight-locked crowd.

"'Ere you, Sarah," said the mother to her eldest, a little wizened over-wise scrap of ought-to-be-childhood. "You mind the biby and the rest. I'm a-goin' to 'im."

"They won't let you, missus," said a man behind, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "they won't let nobody through. I've a son in there. But 'is mother's 'ome. I made 'er."

The little Cockney faced about scornfully.

"Mide 'er, did ye? Well, Jimmy 'e tried to mike me stay 'ome too. But I'm 'ere. An' I'll be there. Just watch me."

She slipped past Cynth and the linked-armed girls, she dived quickly under a tall private's arm, and then you could see her, a thin little figure in draggled grey, her long purple feather bobbing as she scudded across the burnt grass, the sole bit of movement in the picture, toward the long line, and Jimmy.

A roar broke from the crowd—a great hoarse, growing cheer. It wasn't wise, perhaps, it wasn't the discipline of the colonel; but it was the you-and-me stuff of which the universe is built and it crumpled up the fence like paper.

Here, there, yonder the lines were broken, while women sped across to their men. The officers saw it and coughed. The guards studied the warehouse chimneys. Their turn would come in a month or two.

But Cynthia didn't go.

...

SHE hadn't anticipated the overflow of instinct that had swamped the lines. But it didn't matter. He had said he hated good-byes in public. If every last woman in the crowd broke through, she'd stay where she was if she died for it.

She could see him, though, two hundred yards away, at the end of D Company. She knew he was happy.

But what was that? He had stirred, he was looking past one of the linked-armed girls who talked with the next man. Could it—could it be that he too was trying to see somebody-that-cared in the crowd?

The moment she left the bank of faces he saw her, and their eyes kissed across all the burnt-grass waste between. You could no more have stopped her than you could have swept Vega out of its thunderous path in the heavens. It was foreordained.

He took her hands. They were as much alone as if they had been in eternity.

"You came after all?" he asked.

"Oh yes. I always come. I always will," Cynthia laughed, the tears raining out of her happy eyes. "God made me to come to you."

That was all. There wasn't anything more to say. They had been married in a church. Now they were being married again out under the October sky. The first marriage perhaps was "until death do us part." But this one couldn't be touched with all the shells of all the Krupps, nor all the subs in hell.

And then, as they stood there hand-fast and solemnly content, just as the band finished "Rule Britannia" and the order to fall in was given, a gruesome fool in the end car hoisted his bugle to his unsteady lips and played Last Post. They pulled him down of course, and blamed the incident on Hiram Walker rather than on Fate, but the last thing that Cynthia saw was Bob's shocked eyes; and the long time of waiting had been ushered in ill-omenedly.

II.

WE don't live our lives in the forefront of the charge. We live back in rest-billets, waiting to be called into action. We can stand being killed, most of us. But we get very, very tired of sour bread and a stone floor and fleas.

You remember that Cynthia had voted to earn her own living "like she was used to," turning over her separation allowance to the Patriotic Fund so that the Cockney mother of four should have dripping on her bread all winter.

It was a laudable ambition—so much so indeed that only Cynth's tears (and her curls) prevented her being written up for *The Screech*—but it was deuced hard to live up to. When you've passed through four months of courtship and two days of marriage, hard-pan and Snapcorn are a fearsome anticlimax.

The first day was all right. And the next. And the next. The girls all knew of the romance and were loudly envious. The foreman grinned and patted her head. Even the Boss wanted to be introduced after young Findlater's vain attempt to secure an interview. Cynthia was a noble person and a fourteen-karat patriot.

By the middle of the week however, the girls had become interested in Bessie Fitzgerald who threatened to run off with a signaller who was most probably married already; the foreman's baby had scarlet fever; and the Boss was trying to work off low-grade sugar onto the Government.

Cynthia herself was depressed. The world of Snapcorndom didn't seem quite real to her. Only the bugles, night and morning, got right through to the soul of her.

THEN came Bob's first letter. There had been cards and hurried scrawls but this was a boat-letter, page on scribbled page of it, and Cynthia read it and kissed it and cried over it and slept with it under her pillow. Bob could be quite literary when he wanted to be. But nobody's heart was ever rhetorical, and these short jerky sentences, with all the repetitions of meaningless words, and the uncouth phrasing, and the thick underlines, were just Bob, the whole hot heart of him poured onto paper. Cynthia took the letter out for the hundredth time and read it, sitting on the burnt grass of the big field next the Camp where she had first met him, ages and ages ago.

The wind sang and the bugles played Retreat—which is very beautiful because it means the retreat of the sun and not of the troops—and the little

In all the unreal world there were just two sane, unshaken things. The one was the 91st Psalm—a lie and yet somehow true—and the other was the bugle

girl with the two-days' wedding ring shook off the sombre mood that had been so persistent of late, and smiled away into the darkening east where her long letters went every day.

But she couldn't keep it up. That very night when Lights Out came to her across the chill November dark, she had to hold tight to Bob's letter to prevent a collapse into unreasoning terror.

III.

AND so the days went by—long monotonous factory days when the girls worked by electric light, and Cynth's mind was in Shorncliffe—quick, fierce, joyous days when her hands trembled over the big thick English letters.

And then at last there came one, a little thin one that said there were rumors of the Front. at last. And right on the heels of it there was a yellow cablegram that just said, "Sailed January 2. All well."

Then the days began to click themselves off the calendar slowly—and more slowly—and slowest of all. There should have been a trench letter on

Friday. The English mail was in for she'd phoned. But no. Perhaps they'd been in action and he was too tired. Or maybe the boats from France had been held up.

Sunday was a hard day—no chance of the postman. Cynthia went to church, but it wasn't the old white-haired rector with the two sons at the Front. This man was a new self-confident sort. He prayed to a little god of his own sitting up somewhere near the chandelier and he told him just what to do with the world when the war was over. Cynthia didn't pay any attention to his sermon. She read the 91st Psalm over and over.

"A THOUSAND shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee—He shall give His angels charge over thee—he shall call upon Me and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honour him."

That was what the men repeated all together at every drumhead service. That was what Bob was saying now, out under the tremendous skies, with the gun-roll to shout the Amens—if—if—

No, there wasn't any if. There couldn't be. Of course he was there at the end of D Company, saying the Psalm. Why shouldn't he be?

Somebody dropped a prayerbook and Cynthia burst out crying. It had sounded as sudden and as horrible as a rifle shot.

That night she didn't sleep. And at midnight it came—a gum-chewing boy on a bicycle, cross over the muddy roads.

Cynthia's hands didn't tremble at all. It said he was dead.

IV.

THE next day the Colonel of the remaining Battalion had a strange, white-faced little visitor.

"I wish to heaven she'd cried," he complained to the Adjutant afterwards, "she just showed me the telegram and asked me if she could draw the thousand dollars that the town had put on his life—you know, they insured them all. I wanted to know what for, and she said she was going to him.

" 'But my dear,' I said, 'you—couldn't —find him, you know.'

" 'Oh yes I could,' she persisted, 'I could always find him. Besides, it may be a mistake. He may be just wounded. You can't tell. And even if it is true—' —gad, Hopkins, that was the most ghastly part of it, you should have seen her eyes, 'even if it is true,' she said, 'I've heard how in some places they lie out between the trenches for months—poor little bundles of rags. I could bring him in.' "

The Colonel stopped and cleared his throat.

"I don't know whether she's quite sane or not," he went on at last, "but I said I'd fix it up for her. What do you think? She'd die if we kept her here."

"I couldn't say," said the Adjutant slowly, "I fancy all the biggest things—hate and love, you know—are a bit insane, judged by ordinary standards."

THREE days later, just as the clear shiver of reveille swept the frost off the tent flaps, Cynthia's train pulled out of the little old station. The road ran right through the Camp and she could see the men turning out, laughing, and the little Barnardo bugler boy teasing the teddy-bear mascot. And for the first time since the telegram came she broke down and cried—shockingly and rackingly and unrestrainedly. Then she took Bob's letter out of the front of her dress and she put it in her Bible at the 91st Psalm and left it there.

Montreal was a dream and the big grey liner might have been a sea gull for all the sense of reality it brought. There were a great many kindly people on the boat but she didn't want to talk to them. She went east as far as the deck would let her. Then she put her chin in her hands and waited.

England was home—at least it used to be. Now she had just one desire, to run right through from the front door to the back door and get into France.

YOU'RE supposed to have an ostensible purpose for a continental trip these days, something that can be entered on a passport and sealed once or twice. The big kindly man who interviewed Cynthia was puzzled. She wasn't a nurse, nor a buyer for a firm, she wasn't a correspondent in search of uncensored copy. She was just a woman who wanted to go to her man, alive or dead, a woman who would quite likely die right there in London if she were refused.

The big kindly officer had been at the Front himself and would return as soon as the doctor pronounced him fit. He knew what the Front was like and he told her a few things about it. To his surprise she nodded after each revelation, nodded quite casually. Then she told him what she had told the Colonel back home, about the trenches where the fighting was heaviest and the men who lay out between them for six months—"poor little bundles of rags."

It was all up with the officer. He let her go.

"No woman with *that* in her mind shall stay back of the lines if I can help it. God will take care of her," he said. He wasn't very religious, but you've just got to believe in something.

And so Cynthia crossed the channel. She couldn't speak a word of French, but she had the eyes of a dog—or an angel—she had her passport, and she had Bob's picture, a laughing, summer snapshot.

V.

WAR is hell. Yes. And France is a very old hell now, a gun-bitten, flame-blackened, burnt-out hell, still blazing indomitably around the edges. And yet there are people living there, not only in the safety of Paris, but right on out the perilous roads into the cinder-beds of the gaunt provinces, into the little dead villages, stamped into the bloody mud, villages that have changed hands a dozen times, villages where the Teuton demon has screamed himself damned with blasphemies and the peasant has died, smiling, in his church.

The troop trains wouldn't have carried a woman—even Cynthia's eerie eyes couldn't have accomplished such a miracle as that—but there were the roads and the trampled fields when the Battalions were moving. And everywhere there was the furtive, last-left peasant, too numb with horror to leave his ruined home, but always ready to help the poor lovely wanderer who pressed on and on toward the ultimate Front.

And so, as spring crept up timidly over the lost hills the girl with the vision came to the lines. Her whole world had now reduced itself to a dim hollow vault filled with the endless reverberations of the guns that spoke and spoke again, answering each other out of the haze, and shaking the unreal earth with their clamor. Men moved by—long hurrying lines of khaki going north, eager, astrain—slow, trickling lines of mud and blood and ghastly white, going south to the hospitals, in motor trucks and afoot.

To some she spoke but they were not Canadians. Of others she heard vague tidings. Her Battalion had been shot to pieces long ago. To be sure it was full strength again, but they were new men, fresh from the Dominion. Wounded? Oh yes, there were a lot of them. And missing. But to be dead was better.

IN all the unreal world there were just two sane, unshaken things. The one was the 91st Psalm—a lie—and yet somehow true. And the other was the bugle. The clear tingle of reveille roused her from the most gripping dream, pulled her up out of unplumbed depths of weariness and mist, and seemed to say to her, over and over again, "New day! New day! Sometime, somewhere, new day!"

And then the March winds bore mysterious resurrection tidings across torn France. The drive was coming—the spring drive! To be sure there had been a whole bloody seething year between its promise and its accomplishment, this 1916 drive. But it was coming now. God had written "Finis" at the bottom of the Kaiser's biography. And three million men were on the move!

Cynthia heard it that night from a wounded Canadian by the roadside.

"I won't see it, lass, but you will," and he laughed, "I won't live to get to the hospital, most like. But you'll go back to Canada and tell them we died—I and thousands more—to make it true."

That night she went to sleep out under the stars, unafraid as always, and with a strange new joy in her heart.

When she woke the mists were rising. If she hadn't borne a charmed life, they would have killed her long ago. Reveille must have sounded and for the first time in months she had missed it.

SHE got up quickly. The impression was clear in her mind that she had been called—was going somewhere. There was a little village not a hundred yards ahead of her. She had had no idea of its existence last night.

It had once held about fifty houses, all a-straggle down the long main street. There had been a slender-spired church too at the crossroads.

Now there was only the one thing left—a great gaunt cross with the Man on it who had given His life so long ago to avert all this. As soon as she saw the cross, the girl knew her destination.

As she came to it, the mist lifted a little and, clear and pure, from immense distance, over chaos such as had not

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The Trenches of Yesterday

By Mona Cleaver

Illustrated from Photographs

IT is still little more than a year since the globe-trotter who would see a European battlefield had only to select his mode of travel from a sea of literature and then set forth, armed with a Baedeker or a neat booklet advertising his particular choice of tourist agency, to "do" the field of—say Waterloo. He might motor out from Brussels, through the Bois, with Cook's; he might take train and be met by Mrs. Brown at the station of Brain l' Alleud; or he might offer himself an easy victim to the wiles of the fakers ever ready to show him the battlefield by whatever means they could best avoid the orthodox Seeing-Waterloo parties. But in whichever way he chose to visit the historic scene the tourist was encouraged and made the most of; his memory of history was tactfully refreshed; he was reminded that the ground on which he stood, the carefully preserved buildings on which he gazed were sacred to the memory of a great struggle; every thrill was husbanded and charged for at the rate of half a franc to a franc per person according to the estimated strength of it.

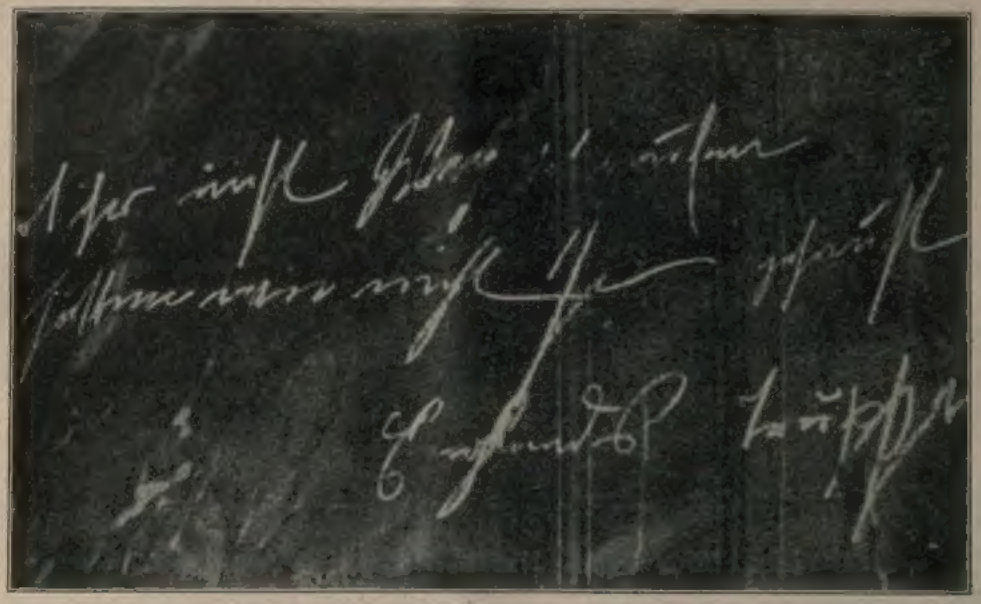
BUT these were battlegrounds of yesterday. To visit the battlegrounds of to-day is a different matter.

That part of the field of the Marne where came the turning-point in the retreat from Mons was the aim of my ambition and the first and most necessary step in its consummation was the concealment of it. It is sometimes very useful in war time to have another excuse for travel besides sightseeing, so, to the commissioner of police in Paris my best reason for requiring a sauf-conduit to Juilly was a large supply of home candies and home messages for a nurse in Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's hospital there. Having asked my age and determined the color of my hair, the necessary document was given me and the next morning at ten o'clock I was in a train on the direct route from Paris to Soissons, bearing a ticket to Dammartin-Juilly.

I WAS carried through a beautiful country, all abloom with springtime, the train stopping at many picturesque little stations at one of which, on a siding, was a Red Cross train, apparently awaiting orders. Stretchers were arranged like berths in the box cars and in one, whether it was late breakfast or early luncheon I do not know, uniformed men were eating from a table of rough boards over which nodded a branch of beautiful wild blossoms. We passed groves of plane trees, new-leafed forests all misty green, and every now and then a quaint little stucco village, its central place outlined with square-trimmed linden trees and its red-tiled roofs.

I WAS quite prepared to walk the two miles from Dammartin to the old college at Juilly, in one of the great wings of which the hospital is situated, but hailed with delight, nevertheless, the one taxi-cab I found at the station, which carried me to my friend in time to have a chat and a walk in the park before luncheon.

Wrecked barns on the farm of Champfleury where Von Kluk had his headquarters on the advance towards Paris last fall. The French and Germans had a hand to hand encounter in this house and yard



German handwriting found on a wall after Von Kluk's departure from the wrecked building. The writing expresses the hope that the British may never occupy the place

At the back of the property was a high stone wall with fruit trees trained flat against it, like vines, and here and there holes broken through the masonry. In one place the wall was in a state of complete collapse and might have been in that condition for generations, so at home seemed the green creepers growing over the ruins and the wild flowers and grasses springing up among the loose stones. But it was only broken down last fall, I was told, so that the French could drag their guns into the very back yard of the college and there make a stand against the Germans in their last effort to reach Paris. Here the retreat of the Allies ended and the retreat of the Germans began.

WE looked far over a lovely, scarcely undulating country with a ribbon of white road flung out across it. It was almost unbelievable that only last autumn enormous armies had followed the smooth, curving road or struck out across these fields whose sorrows now are buried in the promise of harvest, and whose scars all are hidden by a veil of growing green things.

One tried to picture the scene in the dim old college and its grounds, school-day home of D'Artagnan and Montesquieu, before science and modernity had entered it in the form of the new hospital and while still the little gray nuns of the adjoining convent, coming in to teach the smaller boys and care for the comfort of the larger ones, were the only women to be seen about. This nursing sisterhood had long sacrificed its chosen work to these humble tasks but last fall its members entered again, for a short time, into their own. Five hundred wounded, were dragged as best they could be, into hall and dormitory and hearts beat quickly under gray habits, and throbbed with the exaltation of service, as tender unaccustomed fingers bound the gaping wounds and eased the aching heads. The hospital nurses came later, when the place had been made ready, but there's a glow in the hearts of the little gray ladies who know that theirs was the great and glorious and immediate service in the hour of vital need.

TO the left, in a bit of woodland now full of feathery undergrowth and carpeted with lilies-of-the-valley, the British turned their few guns and boldly faced the Germans, who, believing it impossible that they should face about with such small resources, thought they must have met reinforcements in the little wood and changed their advance into retreat.

Some miles beyond we could see the village of Montgé clinging, red-roofed, to the side of a small, wooded hill. No vehicle is allowed to approach the place, so, my friend having secured a permit for herself—she could not get one for me and my sauf-conduit from Paris applied only to Juilly—we started on foot for Montgé on its strategic hill.

The entrance to this lovely little village was by an up-hill road, flanked by high gray walls buttressed from without and every chink in their surface growing moss and vines and flowering weeds. Over the top of the containing walls there overflowed the beauty and fragrance of plumy white and purple lilacs, upstanding chestnut blossoms, pink and white, and laburnun trees dripping golden bloom. Through iron gratings we could see, in the gardens of some of the more pretentious houses, beds of pansies and forget-me-nots and walls festooned with mauve and white wistaria.

But few people were to be seen. The place was almost deserted save for soldiers and the Red Cross workers whose flag hung over a doorway in the silent main street. A solitary old woman who had stayed through all the noise and alarm of battle passed us, followed by a sad-looking cat which crept close to the wall.

AT the right as we entered the village we found, through a gateway in a high wall, a cobbled courtyard with a great open kitchen at one side. Over the kettles and an enormous black pot of savory odors presided a big, fat Frenchman—Monsieur le Chef. The soldiers working in the trenches and billeted in the houses close by come to him at regular hours for their rations and carry off big chunks of bread in their hands and the soup or stew in cans which they bring with them.

Further up the street is the little church and just beyond that two ruined houses, one on each side of the road. In this, as in so many small villages of Europe, the little houses of the poor stand shoulder to shoulder with no space whatever between them, so, when the British blew up a couple of houses to cover their retreat, the blocking of the road was really effective and gave them time to reach their little wood and get their guns in position and their lines reformed.

ON through the humble streets we went to the crest of the hill where immediately we came upon earthworks and guns. Behind semi-circular ramparts, reinforced by willow work, the guns stood with their long muzzles stretching far over the obstruction. We walked up to the nearest one and could see through its great bore. Soft branches of willow were used to make the earthwork secure and were woven in and out among uprights of small tree trunks or made into deep, cylindrical baskets which were then filled with earth. And wherever this work of war was likely materially to alter the natural appearance of the hill,

shrubs and vines and grasses had been planted and were already spreading out their verdant screen. Further along men were still working with pick and shovel, remodelling trenches already constructed or building new ones.

THE nurses from the hospital were well known in the neighborhood and had been permitted, earlier in their sojourn, even to visit Von Kluk's devastated and deserted headquarters, but each day more restrictions had been placed upon sightseeing until now, when a French officer approached us, it was with some timidity that we asked if we might walk through the trenches. My friend's uniform had much influence, I feel sure, to keep us from being absolutely turned back, and the "No" we received in reply was a very polite one and qualified by the permission to go out "that way," the way being indicated by a gesture.

Sufficient unto the moment was the fact that "that" was a very vague "way" and not in the direction from which we had come. Connecting the gun-positions were underground tunnels and we had the additional temerity to ask if we might walk through one of these. We might and did and found just a dark, narrow passageway, about six feet high and lined with trunks of small trees laid together like the wall of a log cabin. Beyond were trenches, varying in depth but all lined beautifully with interwoven willow withes. At intervals, from the wall of the trench a further excavation had been made, about two feet deep, two feet wide and six feet long, supported by the small round tree trunks used so freely in the construction of the trenches. These dug-outs looked like berths or Dutch beds let into the walls and are intended for resting-places for the soldiers in the trenches or to store small supplies of food or other necessities.

A trench near Monte showing how beautifully the earthen walls are reinforced by wicker work

A WOODLAND path brought us to the other side of the hill top, where, as I stood gazing across the valley and all about me, I found that I was standing by a narrow opening in the ground, scarcely distinguishable among the light growth of underbrush. It was six or eight inches high and about eighteen inches long and further examination showed its earthy edges to be faced with sections from a small tree. I got on my knees and looked into a tiny excavated chamber furnished solely by a little wooden table. This was a look-out post, one of several that command the whole surrounding country and communicate by telephone with a central cavern where, if the Germans should ever get this close to Paris again, a general would direct operations over the whole neighborhood.

That this preparation is not altogether unwarranted is evidenced by the fact that there is a deep dip in the line at Soissons and by the distant boom of artillery that occasionally wanders southward on a vagrant breeze. The day before, it was said in the village, four thousand German prisoners had passed through Dammartin.

Back of the trenches a huge sandy pit had burrows here and there, leading into its sides. They looked barely large enough for a man to crawl through and were supported by the already familiar arrangement of small timber. These entrances and those of the tunnels leading to the observation posts or to any passageway not intended for actual fighting are made difficult of access lest the enemy might use them, when attacking, to enter the line. The burrows in this pit led to underground chambers where, in time of action, the men off duty may safely rest. The height of the land coupled with a system of drainage serves to keep them dry.

PRESENTLY we found ourselves on the crest of the hill looking across the valley towards the farm of Champfleury where Von Kluk made his headquarters.

He had just seated himself in a charming summer house, my friend told me, before an excellent dinner when the attack on the farm disturbed his plans. When the Allies took possession they found the dinner laid out, cold and untouched, on the table.

But there were some things that he did take time to do before he left. One was to dismantle and as far as possible destroy the place. Then, he did not mean to divulge to the enemy what his losses had been so the dead whom he had not yet been able to have buried were piled in a hangar, petrol poured over them and the ghastly heap set on fire. He didn't bother about any certificates of death and probably a considerable number perished in the flames. One man had still enough life in him to enable him to crawl out and hide. He has been nursed and cared for by his enemies and now, convalescent, he remains in the neighborhood cursing the cruelty of his own countrymen.

On the railway journey back to Paris I saw constant evidences of war on the one hand and on the other the peace and quiet of a prosperous country. One moment I was watching the beautiful flight of a pair of white-

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Disillusioning Dick

Wherein the College Irving climbs footlightward and drops back again, falls in love and falls out again

By Elmer Blaney Harris

Illustrated by P. E. Anderson

I AM not a humorist. I have a clear memory and can tell a story—tell it from a theorem in Euclid anyway—and this, with constant application in the wit and humor alcove, won me a position on the Sophomore minstrel team. Thence to the Football Rally, the Junior Farce, the Charter Day Commemoration was but a step. By the time the four years ended my picture as Sir Peter Teazle hung in the University Library, and I acknowledged myself an actor.

Now, it happened that there came to our University town a "distinguished artiste" heading her own company in repertoire. To her I wrote a letter. I wrote it three times: once with microscopic care, once with the sprawl of genius, once on a typewriter. I prefer the typewriter, except that it makes spelling compulsory. My signature ran uphill, like Napoleon's. The letter I mailed, and sat down to wait. To be perfectly truthful, I couldn't sit down at all. I was all pins and needles of expectancy.

Friday passed without a scratch from the distinguished artiste, and I, determining not to be snubbed, bought some new gloves, took my best trousers from under the mattress—the best possible place in the world to crease trousers, except in the front and back—smoothed my hair, already so thin that I could comb it with a towel, and presented myself at the stage door.

Across the aisle part of the company were engaged in an animated discussion of the way the country should be run

MADAME had just gone "on stage." I was given a position near her dressing room and told to wait. This was my first glimpse professionally from "behind." Different indeed was it from college theatricals—no crowds of apprehensive relatives, no rough house in pantomime. I was looking at the pine scantling side of a canvas room kept upright by thin braces screwed into the floor. Artificial palms and papier-mache statuary stood in the windows. The room was on the second floor, according to the audience, the illusion being given by allowing them to see the tops of some four-foot trees above the window sill. A man on a step-ladder worked the moon. Through one window I caught a glimpse of a well-worn tiger skin that lent reality to the impassioned scene there being enacted.

Actors, fine and superfine, leisurely descended from their dressing rooms, reaching their entrances neither a moment too late nor too soon for their cues, so perfectly was the performance timed. Louder and louder grew the voices, until in a burst of frenzy, the lover tore himself from his mistress, hurling her to the floor, and sauntered back to his dressing room to eat an orange. I heard the fall, followed by the patter of hands, now piano, now forte, as the curtain rose and fell. Somebody called: "Strike!"

Stage hands lounging near the door fell upon the canvas walls as if to rend and devour them. The set melted away like clouds, like petals, let me say; no, like waves!—for there stood Madame like Venus rising from the sea, serene, red-lipped, with none of the bruises I expected gallantly to salve with commiseration.

"HAVE you ever acted?" she purred, leading me to her dressing room.

I recited my repertoire from end-man to Sir Peter Teazle, holding my new gloves firmly in the same spot, Madame listened patiently, even respectfully. My call was opportune. The man who had been playing servants had lost his voice. He had tried to drown it, I gathered. Would I like to do his "bits?" The salary would be twenty-five dollars a week, with sleeper. I said I'd try. She gave me half a dozen soiled and mutilated manuscripts, of two or three "sides" each, and I withdrew to a neighboring candy store where I ordered a lemonade, and pitched into memorizing the parts for an impromptu rehearsal, solus, after the matinee.

An hour later I was back. Madame was dressing. I waited on the sidewalk. The property men were packing "props" into capacious battered boxes. Trucks, the horses kicking the flies from their bellies, stood waiting to cart the extra scenery to the special train side-tracked in the railroad yard. Presently I was summoned. There was Madame; pongee suit trimmed with blue, turquoise and crimson parrot ornamenting a three-foot hat, a bundle of American beauties caught in her arm. The rehearsal began.

"Louder!" cried Madame from the empty auditorium, where a gray-haired woman gathering up programmes and crushed candy-bags stopped to grin. "Don't bark so. End your words. Take time to ar-tic-u-late."

OBEDIENTLY I walked stiff-legged, until it hurt me to bend down, carrying a salver and saying to a broken-backed chair:

"'His highness has the signature of the marchioness, your highness,'" hissing the s's for all I was worth.

"You'll do," declared Madame, coming on the stage.

I caught trains night and day and carried Christie's suitcase until my arms reached my knees

She gave me the tip of a plump, square hand, laden with rings; there was a lingering breath of violets, the cab door banged. She was gone.

I spent the night sweltering in an upper berth, listening to the sputters and snores of the assembled Thespians. I pictured myself a leading man on Broadway, inundated by tinted and perfumed billet doux, a member of the Lamb's and Players', the glass of fashion, suing my wife for divorce and breaking the hearts of my leading ladies on the side. Or should I be above such things? I hoped so. I sincerely hoped so. I saw myself in my own ninety horsepower taking a "pufik-queen" for a dash through the park, or beaming, the disinterested host, upon a bevy of such at my summer "farm." The head waiters in the restaurants would rush to place me at the most conspicuous table, or to hold my coat, while hundreds of eyes beneath picture hats would follow me and I should hear fluttering whispers:

"Oh, gells, there's Richard Parks!"

SUDDENLY, from the berth directly beneath me, came a moan followed by a series of half articulate cries.

It was the ingénue having a nightmare!

I waited long enough for some female of the company to come to the child's rescue; then, with determination more or less paternal, as the snores continued to rise and shatter about my ears like breakers, I slid down and shook the poor thing by the elbow.

"Miss—I say! Hey, wake up! You're all right!"

She opened her eyes with a start and sat up in the dim-lighted berth, an after-image of terror and agony on her face.

"Who are you?" she demanded, shrinking from me.

"I'm the chap that lives upstairs," I replied cheerfully. "You were having ten cat fits."

"Oh, such an awful dream!" she exclaimed, apologetically. "I thought I was a poor, tottering old lady that had to beg, freezing to death. And look at me: boiling! These dreadful night journeys!"

"That's right, they're fierce. It's almost morning; let's get up."

"What's the matter, Christie?" came a motherly voice from the berth opposite.

"Bad dreams, dear."

"Shall I come in with you?"

"No thanks, honey."

IT seemed to me that the ingénue adopted a very patronizing tone toward the

How this child playing ingenues ever learned as much of the world as she knew was a mystery to me

motherly voice, for such a little thing as she. Why, she was no more than a child—a little Tamagara with big black eyes and an expression of perpetual innocence and surprise. I felt sorry for her. It seemed inhuman that girls, children such as she, should be permitted to go on the stage, should be subjected to the vicissitudes of one-night stands. It was little short of outrageous. I determined on the spot to be a protector to Christie.

We dressed and I met her on the platform of the observation car, where I placed a couple of camp stools, and we sat down. Dawn was washing the sky with silver above the dusky orange groves that went galloping back to the last stop. The red bull's-eye lantern at our feet shed a glow upon Christie's pale cheek as she sat in her kimono, the wisps of black hair tossing about her face. She clasped one knee in her hands and gazed in silence at the speeding parallel of tracks.

"So you're going to be an actor," she mused. "Why should anybody want to be an actor?"

"What have you against it?" I asked, lighting a cigarette, the soft warmth of this disgruntled little comedy queen penetrating my shoulder.

"Oh, pooh," said she. "There's nothing in it—not for me, at least. Soon I shall be too old for an ingénue and then I shall have to step down to playing character parts or old ladies."

"Can't you become a star?"

"Nope. Not big enough. Takes two spot lights to find me now !"

"Why don't you get married ?"

SHE shot me a quick look.

"Actors and actresses never ought to be married. It's all right if they're in the same company. But if they're not, he's carrying somebody else's suitcase and she has to flock alone. It isn't what it's cracked up to be—any of it—my dear boy."

"Why, I thought you were one of the happiest and most prosperous girls on the stage," I declared. "To-night at the table I was looking at that picture of you coming out of your country residence in your own machine."

Christie smiled:

"I was in a borrowed car that had been backed into Charlie Schwab's front gateway on Riverside Drive while I was snapped by the press agent."

"But surely you are well paid," I persisted, agasp.

"Well, I get seventy-five a week on tour. Suppose I rehearse a month without salary, pay five hundred for my gowns and the show closes in two weeks. Suppose that happens three times in succession, as it did last year. Where am I ? It's taken all I've made this season to catch up. Then, you know, there are the big gaps of waiting when you've got to eat and got to keep up appearances. When you enter a manager's office you must be up to date and spotless down to your shoe buttons. Some manager may have a part for you and invite you to lunch. Now, you can't hold up your head and bluff that man into giving you the part without the lunch unless your jacket fits both coming and going. And the first thing you know, some morning in a strong light you look in the glass and —Lawsy, there's a gray hair ! That's easy. You're not dead yet, although you begin to dye. But there comes another morning when the line on your cheek has a dent in it instead of an apple. Diet, massage, the rest cure will help some. Not for long. A child with red hair and without an ounce of experience pops up and is given the part you used to fill and at a third of your salary. Then it's you to the discard, or character work on half pay. I'm afraid you'll think me a dreadful pessimist," she laughed.

I REALLY didn't know what to think of her. How this child playing ingénues ever escaped the Gerry Society long enough to learn as much as she knew and talk it in this lingo was a mystery to me. I suppose she was older than I imagined—probably seventeen.

"You're all right," said I, comfortingly. "Your sugar refinery's on a strike, that's all. You're tired, overworked, and worried. What you need is to get out barefooted and milk the cows. I don't imagine I'll be very keen for the stage myself, but it's like this: if you miss anything in life you always regret it. I've always wanted to be an actor. If I'm going to be one I'm going to be one quick. If not, the sooner I sow my dramatic wild oats the better. I can always go back to the ranch."

"Have you got a ranch ?" she asked, her eyes lighting with interest and pleasure.

"The governor has—a thousand acres. Best in the County. Cherries that big. Even a lawn, and, say ! pond lilies as tiny as your hands. Dad wants me to come home and bust broncos, but it's grease paint for muh !"

The first real glimpse I had of the company was in the forenoon after Christie and I had breakfasted together in the diner. The wash room was tight packed, the chief difference between the property man and the leading man being that between cotton and silk. They were all but shaving each other's faces. The fumes of wood alcohol permeated the car: married couples were busy over tea baskets. The child of the company played in the aisle, punching imaginary tickets. Finally the little, white-faced, weary-eyed mortal climbed into my lap and, drawing a railroad map from his pocket, said:

"If there's anything you want to know about the world, Mr. Parks, just come to me !"

IN the seat across the aisle part of the company, foregoing breakfast until the train should stop at the first lunch counter with its pyramid of "sinkers" and steaming copper boilers of milk and coffee, were engaged in an animated discussion of the way the country should be run. To and from the drawing-room went Madame's maid, carrying papers, telegrams, flowers, breakfast, giving now and then stolen glimpses of the star herself languishing among her pillows.

Christie heard me say my "bits" so thoroughly that by afternoon I was "rotten perfect." Also, she gave me lessons in tone production:

"Your voice is too high, my child, too nasal," said she. "Try to keep it down here: Ah-h-h—!" She patted herself on the diaphragm—or words to that effect. "Do that, please," she directed. "That's the ticket. See what splendid cello tones you produce ? Now, whenever you're alone, on the street where there's plenty of noise, or in your room, which is perhaps safer, pat yourself here—not too hard—and say: Ah-h-h—! Deep as you can. Make it resonant. This way: Ah-h-h—! Through the eyebrows. That reinforces the sound and makes it carry. You'll soon be able to play tunes on your voice."

One of the card players remarked: "Christie's got a live one this time !"

ABOUT five o'clock I was summoned to Madame's drawing-room. So pleased was she with the progress I had made that she at once gave me a part in the new play, a conspirator plotting with the king against the revolutionists. I was to wear a black cape, slouch hat and whiskers, and had a scene with Madame in which she sprang at my throat, crying: "Monster ! Assassin !"

She showed me how it was done.

"G-ee-e-e-! Tha—that's great !" I stuttered, rescuing my necktie from under my ear and trying to swallow. She had taken me by surprise. The interview ended, I went promptly to the rear platform, where there was plenty of noise and, patting my wish bone, said:

"Ah-h-h——!"

During the next couple of weeks I faced a grind that made calculus wear short clothes and carry a rattle. With the rest I punished my share of "sinkers" and coffee when the diner missed connections. I held an umbrella over Christie in a biting wind at three in the morning on the dripping platforms of railroad depots. I caught trains night and day and carried Christie's suit case till my arms reached to my knees. I splashed mud into my own ear in the effort to exercise in Salt Lake City. I underwent the killing inactivity of all-day rides, the discomforts of upper seven with its smoke and cinders. I stalled around for two hours in the morning waiting to say:

" 'His highness has the signature of the marchioness, your highness !' " And came back after lunch to say it twice in the afternoon.

I RUBBED cornstarch into my hair each day, matinee and evening, to play a blooming English footman, and rubbed it out each day, matinee and evening, with soap and water—cold water. I had to put up at the better hotels to keep from being snubbed by the leading man. Slowly I went broke. My pocket-book assumed a look of having been stepped on. I telegraphed my father, who disapproved of my flight into histrionics, and he telegraphed back, at my expense:

"I started life on two dollars a week. Try ranching."

Vicissitudes kindred to these very soon put the gaff into me. My enthusiasm abated. My spirits limped. Rapidly I sank into the general pastiness of complexion that characterized

the entire company. Then, lo and behold, my nose began to redden. It became painful to the touch, painful to look at. Never had I had a mark nor blemish on my carcase from head to heel. Imagine then, the humiliation of this blow in the face. Imagine it you can the pain of five quick changes, each requiring a different shade of grease paint, chalked on with a stick as hard as soap, when the first touch brought the tears to my eyes; the inquisitorial massage of cold cream and rubbing with grease rags. But I was game. I brushed the tears away and with clenched teeth said:

"'His highness has the signature of the marchioness, your highness.'"

HAVING arrived at the next town I crawled upstairs, without taking the elevator, for fear the attendant would start or stop it suddenly. The least little jolt threatened to blow my head off. Framed on the wall in my room was a picture of the country—a railroad advertisement. It made me homesick. The big trees had sent skirmishers down to our back fence. Often had I whipped the foam-dappled stream for trout in their pleasant, stalwart shade. Oh, for the ranch! Oh, for eight hours of unbroken slumber, the simple cooking, the fresh, sweet air of the hayfields, the drowsy swing of the hammock under the trees! I looked at myself in the mirror to see if, possibly, my nose was any smaller; but it sprang at me, angry, palpitant, defiant. And, Gee-roozelum, how it hurt!

Oh, who wouldn't be an actor!

I was late next day at rehearsal, the day before the opening of the new play, and the stage manager was out of patience. Furthermore, he harbored a grudge against me; disliked the preference shown in casting me for the new piece, when he wanted the part himself, and expected to get it. I suppose as I entered the stage door I must have looked like a very easy mark indeed. Certainly I was not the dapper, devil-may-care soldier of fortune I had fancied myself a month earlier. I was putty-skinned; the whites of my eyes wore a yellowish tinge; I walked with a listless stride, but a careful one; and my nose—! Ah, my nose! Huge, ponderous, it hung on my face like an overripe, scarlet fig.

"Here he is at last!" exclaimed the stage manager in impatience. "Second act!"

The company was all assembled, the stage set, benches and chairs representing the brilliant Louis XV. salon. Madame in mauve and violet sat at

Continued on page 50.

Old Fort Edmonton

By William Beecher Turner

Illustrated from Photographs

SOURCE methods of studying history are always interesting. In Edmonton, Alberta, are opportunities for observation of early Western Canadian history that the average citizen of that bustling city seldom thinks of. While waiting for the elevator in the lobby of the big Tegler office building, the artistic frieze sketches by Ernest Hubert of dog teams, Red River emigration carts, prairie schooner trains, and French Canadian voyageurs straining at their harness as they track the big York boats up stream may catch the attention for a moment, like a voice from the past.

Or, if he wanders through the Hudson's Bay Company's big department store, the eye may rest for a moment on the stained glass windows at various stair-landings, depicting early scenes at Hudson's Bay Company's trading posts, including one of Fort Edmonton when it had bastion towers with brass cannons at the corners of its walls. He may even stop to inspect the old flint lock muskets and dog sledge "cariole" of a century ago, shown in the historical curio department, but can hardly relate them to present conditions.

Or, as he crosses in the electric cars over the high level bridge, spanning the Saskatchewan river, from the former Strathcona, now Edmonton South, he may idly resolve, as he notes the buildings of the old Hudson's Bay Company's Fort, resting almost in the shadow of the magnificent new parliament buildings, that he will, some day, when nothing better offers, take a look through the decaying piles, which each annual parliament has been idly talking of preserving and restoring and then promptly postponing and forgetting for something more pressing. As the old buildings and the ground they occupy are now property of the Provincial government, the arguments are all the stronger for government preservation, and their utilization as a museum of pioneer relics.

AN antiquary goes past-hunting in the hustling capital of Alberta; finds a pencil-inscription; gets a thrill and passes it on

AND, yet, if this average citizen should become interested in local pioneer history for its own sake, he may do much to strengthen public sentiment toward saving these landmarks. He may also find object lessons to satisfy his historic instincts, as I did, while groping around in the semi-gloom of the by-gone Fort, now used as a warehouse for storing government telephone supplies. Here are various old-time suggestions, and even veritable, original source memoranda,

that almost serve as living links between the present and the past, and in their inspirations carry delight to the heart of an antiquarian in pioneer relics

This was the "find." On the old planed boards comprising the enclosing side of a staircase in an out-of-the-way corner, where apparently once stood a high writing desk, about forty feet from the old fur-baling press, are lead pencil inscriptions in various handwritings, of important events in the life of the Fort, some of them recorded over sixty years ago. I append some of the more interesting ones:

> *"Mr. Rowand arrived 16th Sept., 1852."*
> *"Bounty [treaty money] arrived 21st Sept., 1852."*
> *"22 buffaloes killed, 14th Jan., 1855"*
> *"Wm. Christie arrived at Edmonton, 18th Aug., 1861."*
> *"Governor Dallas arrived at Edmonton 28th Aug, 1861. First brigade of boats arrived same day."*

THE foregoing list of men and events might seem rather common-place, until more is known of the personnel of those mentioned. John Rowand and William Christie were two of the greatest Chief Factors in the history of "Edmonton House." With the exception of Sir George Simpson, "The Emperor Governor," probably the most noted of the Hudson's Bay Company's Governors of the old time, was Governor A. J. Dallas, Simpson's successor. Simpson ruled for forty years, or from the union of the Hudson's Bay Company with the Northwest Company in 1821, to his death in 1861. The young Queen Victoria conferred Knighthood upon him in 1839. Dallas had been a Scottish merchant who afterward went into the Chinese trade. He later became Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Victoria, Vancouver Island, where he married the daughter of civil Governor James Douglas. While a strong ruler, he lacked the dignity and tact of Simpson, etc.

John Rowand appears to have been stationed here over thirty years from 1825. The particular record noted merely refers to his return from one of his occasional trips from Fort Garry, now the city of Winnipeg

To go back prior to Rowand's regime, Fort Edmonton, or Fort des Prairies, as it was usually known during the first quarter century of its existence, was founded in 1795. After the amalgamation of the great rival companies, the North Western and the Hudson's Bay in 1821, its first chief factor was James Bird, an Englishman, who renamed the Fort "Edmonton" after his native town, immortalized by Cowper in "John Gilpin's Ride."

Rowand succeeded Bird as Chief Factor in 1825. He erected a "Big House" within the Fort stockades for general utility and reception purposes which later was called "Rowand's Folly." Estimates of Rowand may be gleamed from several authors who will be quoted briefly.

MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY, well known also by her maiden name of Emily Ferguson and her pen name "Janey Canuck," and noted as an advocate of the preservation of the old Fort buildings, writes that before Rowand's death in 1861 he directed that his bones be sent to his old home in Quebec for burial. His orders were observed literally. A Cree Indian, Koo-men-ie-koos, was selected to boil the remains of Rowand and clean the flesh off the bones, which he did; taking the liberty incidentally, to slice a piece off of Rowand's heart and eat it, that he might assimilate some of his hero's bravery.

Alex. Ross, a frontier hunter and northwestern trader of note in early days, author of "The Fur Hunters of the Far West," wrote of Rowand from first-hand knowledge. His book, of which few copies appear to be in existence, was dedicated to Sir George Simpson, "Governor in Chief of Prince Rupert's Land," a term then applied to all the Northwest. Through the courtesy of Provincial Librarian John Blue, I was given access to this and other old volumes consulted.

Ross visited Fort Edmonton in 1825 and found there a well organized community within the Fort walls. He appeared particularly impressed with the social life, the fine race course and horses, and the agricultural possibilities. He says that he was received with open arms by Chief Factor Rowand, and adds: "Gentlemen in the service are in the habit of receiving all strangers, whether of high or low rank connected or not connected with the Company with courtesy and attention." Ross goes on to mention that on the evening of his arrival, Rowand gave a ball in honor of Governor Simpson, at which all the people about the establishment, high and low, old and young of every class, attended, dressed in their best attire.

Speaking of the Indians, Ross says: "From motives of interest all Indians visiting the Establishments are welcomed with kindness and treated as children by the traders. An extensive and profitable trade is carried on with the war-like tribes of the plains, Blackfeet, Piegans, Assiniboines and Crees. All these roving bands look up to Mr. Rowand as their common father, and he has for more than a quarter of a century taught them to love him and to fear him."

ROSS concludes his account of his stay at Edmonton as follows: "From Edmonton a brigade of boats make a trip to York Factory (on Hudson's Bay) and back, once every year, carrying out the annual stock of furs and bringing back the supplies required for the trade. The trip generally requires four and one-half months to perform. We waited here fourteen days for completion of the spring arrangements when the flotilla consisting of twelve barges started with us on board and we enjoyed a very pleasant voyage down the broad and swift Saskatchewan."

From a painting of Fort Edmonton in 1867, now in possession of former Chief Factor Richard Hardisty's wife

IN the winter of 1847-8, a young artist named Paul Kane determined to become famous by his paintings of North American Indians and visited Fort Edmonton House. He found Chief Factor Rowand away on one of his long trips, and the Fort was in charge of Chief Trader John L. Harriet. Mr Kane recorded his impressions in his book entitled "Wanderings of an

Buildings erected 1795, by the Hudson's Bay Company, near site of present Alberta Parliament Building

artist among the North American Indians."

He found all the Company's servants, with their wives and children, living within the Fort quadrangle in comfortable log houses supplied with abundance of firewood. He noted the coal protruding from the river banks, but said its use was confined to the blacksmith's forge for lack of proper grates or furnaces. Provisions he noted in greatest plenty, consisting of "fresh buffalo meat, venison, salted geese, magnificent white fish, and rabbits in abundance, with plenty of good potatoes, turnips and flour. With very indifferent farming they manage to get twenty to twenty-five bushels of wheat per acre. The grain is ground in a windmill, and makes very good flour."

Mr. Kane gave an amusing account of a Christmas dance at which all the Fort inmates were present. "The dancing" he says, "was most picturesque and almost all joined in it."

Regarding the reproduction of one of his best pictures, Mr. Kane's says: "I was so much struck by the beauty of a half-breed Cree girl, whose poetic name was Con-ne-wah-bam, or one who looks at the stars, that I prevailed upon her to sit for her likeness, which she did with greatest patience, holding her fan, which was made of the tip end of a swan's wing, with an ornamental handle of porcupine's quills, in a most coquettish manner." The original of Mr. Kane's picture is now in the Hammond collection, Toronto.

Mr. Kane's stay at Fort Edmonton terminated with the pleasing event that he describes as follows: "On January 6th, 1848, Mr. Rowand, Jr., residing at Fort Pitt, 200 miles distant (near the present site of Lloydminster), was married by Mr. Rundle, the Methodist missionary, to the daughter of Chief Trader Harriot, and I accepted the invitation of the happy pair to accompany them home. Our party consisted of Mr. Rowand and his bride and nine men. There were three carioles and six sledges with four dogs to each, forming a long and picturesque cavalcade. All the dogs were gaily decorated with saddle cloths of various colors fringed and embroidered in the most fantastic manner, with innumerable small bells and feathers. We travelled on the ice of the Saskatchewan."

The Mr. Rundle mentioned in the last paragraph is understood to be the clergyman, whose name was conferred on Mt. Rundle near Banff, British Columbia, in honor of his being the first white man to reach its peak

THE most spirited account of Factor Rowand is found in Miss Katherine Hughes' "Life of Father Lacombe." While incidentally recording the events of the date, 1852, mentioned in the first one of the old lead-pencil inscriptions discovered, as noted heretofore, she introduces her hero, Father Lacombe, to Fort Edmonton in company with Rowand, with whom he traveled by boat brigade up the Saskatchewan from Cumberland House. Of Rowand she writes, having evidently gotten the description from Father Lacombe himself, as follows

"This man, who was the most notable of the Company's officials on the plains then, was an Irishman, a little man with eyes of blue steel, an incomparable temper, and a spirit that did not know what fear was. He was intellectually bright, the master of several Indian dialects and could terrorize an Indian in any of them

"On the morning of September 16th, the boatmen had reached the home lap, and appeared newly resplendent in red woolen shirts and with fresh kerchiefs binding their heads. They forgot past fatigue while they pulled the boats up past the shrubby flats and between the high green banks to the landing below the Fort.

"AGAINST the clear autumn sky there furled and unfurled the conquering flag of England, with the Magic letters, H. B. C., jestingly interpreted as 'Here Before Christ.' Above the timber palisade on the hill top, the deep sloping roof of the Big House marked the woodland court of this fiery little Governor.

The shore was soon lined with people, for this was the greatest day of the year at Edmonton House. There were Factor Rowand's daughters Adelaide, Peggy, Sophy, and Nancy, there were clerks from the trading shop, women and children from the men's quarters, and Indians from neighboring tepees

"The cannons in the bastions thun-

dered a welcome when the Chief Factor stepped ashore and the echoes were multiplied by the quick fire of the Indian's musketry. Rowand was saluted with greetings as he passed up the steep hill-path through the crowd, for however peppery and dominating their Governor was at times, he had a very warm heart, and both loved and was loved by his people.

"The young missionary Lacombe, walking beside him, was an object of vivid curiosity on the part of the crowd, which in turn he scanned with interest as he returned their hearty hand-clasps.

"For each white man there was hope of some home message in the packet of mail being sorted at the Big House, and for all there was the knowledge that these boats drawn up on the shore had arrived safely with tobacco and ammunition and goods for another year."

The accompanying portrait of Father Lacombe is appropriately furnished for this article by Hon. Wilfred Gariepy, the youngest member of Premier Sifton's Alberta Cabinet. In common with Mrs. Arthur Murphy, previously mentioned, Mr. Gariepy has always taken great interest in the preservation of the old Fort buildings and his recent accession to the Cabinet augurs well for the future of the movement to preserve these old landmarks.

AT this writing, August, 1915, Father Albert Lacombe, the man who did so much for the moral and material development of Northwestern Canada, is still living at the home he founded for the aged at Midnapore, south of Calgary. Although very feeble he occasionally meets friends who call there to pay their respects—not only is it to their friend, but to the friend and associate of Rowand and Christie, and to the equal friend and associate of Sir Sanford Fleming, Chief Engineer in the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Sir William Van Horne and Lord Strathcona, all of whom he has outlived. The friendship between Father Lacombe and Lord Strathcona, was especially warm, beginning when the latter was plain Donald Smith, Hudson's Bay Company's Chief Factor at various points farther East than Edmonton, and was continued as of yore when he was elevated to the peerage.

EVERY old-timer in Edmonton knows "Jack Norris" who has been here about two-thirds of a century. He came from the old Country as a lad of twenty, and reached Edmonton via York Factory on Hudson's Bay in 1849. For eighteen years he served the Hudson's Bay Company as boatman and fur-trader. Later he operated independently, and finally centered on horse raising on his homestead on the old St. Albert trail on the outskirts of the city, where he still lives. Norris met Governor Simpson first at Norway House, on Lake Winnipeg, and met Governor Dallas here, and was not afraid to hold up his head with either of them. He was with Chief Factor Rowand, when he died at Fort Pitt. In fact Rowand fell over into Norris' arms, stricken with heart disease. He was intimate with every Chief Factor of Fort Edmonton from Rowand to Hardisty. I found that Norris is still able to crack a good joke and spin many a good yarn about the old-timers in spite of his eighty-six years.

Another very interesting old-timer whose history is intimately associated with old Fort Edmonton is Henry Fraser, who was born within its walls over sixty years ago. His father, Colin Fraser, was official bag-piper to Governor George Simpson when he made his grand tour of the Northwest in 1828, "en ceremonie," to impress the Indians. One of his brothers, also Colin Fraser, still follows the wild life of the North at Fort Chipweyan on Lake Athabasca, over five hundred miles north of Edmonton. Henry attended school at Fort Edmonton with about forty other boys under the tutorship of Father Schollen, while his parents conducted the Hudson's Bay Post on Little Slave Lake. His training fitted him to become a fur buyer, at which he has been very successful, When asked to contrast the old with the new, he said, "The old days had good comradeship, but no taxes to worry over and no election excitement. Mail came twice a year."

JOSEPH McDonald and his wife, formerly Marguerite Fraser, sister of Henry Fraser, just noted, live on the bank of the Saskatchewan river in Edmonton South, formerly Strathcona, in full view of the old Fort across the river that has been the centre of so many of their activities. Mrs. McDonald was born at Jasper House in the Rocky Mountains, where her father, Colin Fraser, was Chief Factor at the time. Both Mr. and Mrs. McDonald are close around the four score mark, but happy and active, surrounded by children and grandchildren. The first settler of Strathcona, Mr. McDonald bought his homestead of over two hundred acres, on part of which he still lives, from the Indians for a musket and a cayuse pony some years after his arrival here in 1855. Prior to that he had received a good education at St. John's academy in Fort Garry. His father "Big Donald" McDonald had preceded him to the West some thirty years, and built the old Bow River Fort, west of the present site of Calgary in 1826. Both served the Hudson's Bay Company many years. Joseph established the Company post at Athabasca Landing. Over twenty years after their marriage in 1865 Mr. and Mrs. McDonald donated half their homestead to the Canadian Pacific Railway as an addition to the land [illegible] Mr. McDonald has been very [illegible] life. He was associated with Captain Palliser, Lord Southesk and other noted explorers in their tours through this then comparatively [illegible] country, in the years from 1858 to 1863.

BETWEEN Chief Factors Rowand and Christie there came two other Chief Factors for brief periods at Fort Edmonton, viz: William Sinclair in 1856 and John Swanston in 1857. But these were shortly transferred to other posts and consequently have not as well known to Edmonton as those first mentioned. Sinclair's daughter married Christie and Sinclair, was a highly respected citizen of Edmonton until his death recently, having spent a long and useful life largely in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The year 1858 opened with William J. Christie in charge at Fort Edmonton but in the capacity of Chief Trader. It was not long after this however until he received his promotion to the rank of Chief Factor.

The lead pencil inscriptions noted in this record as recently discovered in the walls of old Fort Edmonton, contain an item about the arrival of Christie in 1861; but like Rowand's item this refers not to his first coming but to his return from a trip away from the Fort where he had been installed as Chief Factor several years before. During Christie's incumbency here he retained a number of notable people among whom were Captain John Palliser, R. N. A., and Dr. Hector explorers for the Royal Engineers. The elegant new Canadian Pacific Railway hotel at Calgary is named after Captain Palliser, who wintered at Edmonton House in 1858-9. Most of his records are very matter of fact as for instance contenting himself with giving the size of the courtyard within the palisade, as 300 feet long by 200 feet wide.

Writing on the same subject Miss Hughes, already quoted, gives a more vivid description, saying "The Fort was like some rude baronial stronghold in the feudal ages of the old world with the lofty hall and retainers' cottages all safely enclosed with palisades 20 feet high surrounded by guns. The palisades were made from stout trees split in halves, and sunk into the ground, the whole strengthened by binding timber. Around this, com-

passing the entire Fort, the sentinels' gallery ran, and at the four corners the peaked roofs of the bastions rose, with cannon mouths filling the port holes."

ANOTHER noted visitor to Fort Edmonton in 1859 was James Carnegie, Lord Southesk, then a young man of thirty-two travelling for adventure, with a party from his Scotch home at Kinnaird Castle. In the early chapters of his book, "Saskatchewan and the Rocky Mountains", he refers to Chicago, through which he came north, as "a finely built town of 120,000 inhabitants

Lord Southesk and party used Fort Edmonton as their headquarters for over two months. His Lordship's boyishness may be inferred from the following appreciative paragraph from his book

"Mr. Christie received me with the utmost kindness and hospitality. Order and cleanliness everywhere prevailed at the Fort. It is delightful to be again enjoying some of the comforts of civilization such as wine, well-made coffee, vegetables, cream tarts, and other good things too many to mention."

Of his farewell he says: "All [illegible] arrangements being completed, we embarked in Mr. Christie's own new and roomy boat, 'The Golden Era', which he had obligingly lent us for the voyage, and by noon, October 17th, 1859, were fairly on our way down the broad current of the Saskatchewan River."

ANOTHER member of the British nobility who visited Fort Edmonton during Mr. Christie's factorship, in 1863, but while he was temporarily absent with Governor Dallas, was William Thomas Spencer, Viscount Milton. Lord Milton was a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society who in company with Dr. W. B Cheadle, with whom he travelled, collaborated on a book, entitled, "The Northwest Passage by Land." From it the following impressions are quoted

"On May 14th, 1863, we came in sight of the Fort, prettily situated on a high cliff overhanging the river on the north side. We were quickly fetched over in the Company's barge, and took up our quarters in the building, where we received every kindness and hospitality from the Chief Trader, Mr. Hardisty. The Establishment at Edmonton is the most important one in the Saskatchewan District, and is the residence of a Chief Factor who has charge of all minor posts. The boats required for the annual voyage to York Factory in Hudson Bay are built and mended here, as are carts sleighs and harness and all appliances required for the Company's traffic between the Company's Posts."

But all was not as uniformly cheerful at the old Fort as it seemed to Lords Southesk and Milton Through the courtesy of District Manager A. F. Fugl of the Hudson's Bay Company at Edmonton, at the present time, I had access to old journals of daily occurrences and correspondence books from Mr. Christie's fourteen years incumbency at Fort Edmonton, and learned that at least once, there came near being a starving time In April, 1860, following an unusually long and hard winter, accompanied by an entire absence of buffalo herds, which had apparently sought food farther south, the last rations of pemmican and other food stuffs were exhausted, and the inhabitants were forced to subsist by hunting rabbits and other small game. At this juncture, Father Lacombe came to the rescue, sending down a sled load of fish from Lac Ste. Anne, which relieved the situation.

In this connection, I am pleased to state that Mr Fugl, who was once Chief Factor at Fort Chipeweyan on Lake Athabasca, has preserved an unusually full set of early records from that post as well as a considerable collection from Fort Edmonton and other posts It is his purpose later to publish a book on his reminiscences of the north country From his conversation I infer it will surely be very interesting

IN 1868 Chief Factor Christie received promotion that gave him oversight of almost the entire country north of Edmonton and during his frequent and protracted absences, Richard Hardisty, Chief Trader, officiated so well that in 1872 he became Chief Factor at Edmonton House, following Christie's retirement from that position

Father Albert Lacombe, Pioneer Missionary since 1852, officiating for many years at Old Fort Edmonton

One of the last acts of note of Chief Factor Christie is recorded by Beckles Wilson in his "Life of Lord Strathcona" in an account of the first meeting at Fort Garry of the North West Council for the government of Territories. Both Christie and Donald Smith, afterwards Lord Strathcona [illegible] among its twelve members. To attend this meeting Christie travelled over two thousand miles by dog [illegible]

Continued on page [illegible]

Cupid and

By Madge Macbeth

"Say, why don't you hang 'round here, readin' palms or sumpin. It wouldn't take long to learn off that dope"

DAVE BROTHERS walked, head bent, down the Midway casting quick sharp glances on either side of him. He was nervously flapping his coat tails—a characteristic sign that Dave was worried.

And no wonder.

The World's Greatest Amusement Company had been out four weeks, and played six towns and had had but five clear days during the whole time. There's nothing like rain for putting the jinx on a carnival crowd; it not only keeps the people away and makes the dimes rattle in a hollow, lonely fashion in their boxes, but it spoils the artistic effect of the Midway. It looks queer, somehow, to see the Australian boomerang thrower sitting on a rain-soaked stand under a huge green umbrella. It looks all wrong to see flags and pennants hanging limp and dripping against their poles, and the posters show but feebly through a steady downpour of rain. Nor is that all; it absolutely puts the kibosh on free shows and balloon ascensions. The crowds feel cheated at having to pay for all the thrills. Then there is the ocean wave—the biggest paying asset of a Carnival; the few who have the courage to ride on it, feel uneasy a point north of the hamburger sandwich, and two points south of the last consignments of peanuts and popcorn, watching the sodden earth slip away from them in a thick gray rain. They get off in a hurry and advise others to stay away. The Ferris Wheel fares no better; could one blame people for not wanting to get any nearer the sullen, lowering clouds?

The day was Saturday, and after a spiteful shower, it seemed as though a rift were about to appear in the sodden sky. Dave's spirits rose accordingly; a good afternoon might pull them out of the deep hole they were in. Anyway he would be heartened by having a talk with Rosie. Rosie was always the jolliest thing about the Carnival. It took a deal of trouble to dampen her spirits. She was the Fat Girl of the company, and weighed according to her spieler 625 pounds. It may not be betraying confidences to knock fifty pounds off that, but she was young—barely eighteen—and she had hopes of tipping the scales at anything under an even thousand.

MANAGER Dave Brothers paused in front of Rosie's tent in pleasant anticipation, when to his astonished ears there came a cry from inside.

"Oh! Oh!!" The voice rose to a regular scream, only such a sound as could issue from a calliope or a human body with 575 pounds of lung power behind it.

Rushing into the tent, Dave found Rosie collapsing in her enormous, steel-enforced chair.

He gazed at her a moment, professional admiration warring with solicitous uneasiness. It was a fine sight for a manager's eyes—that mountain of flesh bulging and spreading in all directions! It was almost incredible that the red satin garment, voluminous though it was, which Rosie called a 'gownd' and which partly covered her person, should hold within its confines such a strain. Dave watched the heaving bulk quite affectionately. Then uneasiness replaced all other sentiments. Was the girl ill? Had the hoodoo spell which sent them close upon three weeks of rain struck Rosie, also? Manager Brothers groaned. Rosie was almost a mascot to him. How many times had she poured oil on the troubled waters by her

Avoirdupois

Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton

Charlie spieled his best, as the crowds filtered into the grounds, unaware of the serious state of affairs inside

perennial cheerfulness and good temper? How often had she stood between him and fractious Shows and Concessions when a disastrous split in the Carnival was pending? How many, many times had she talked the dissatisfied out of leaving the World's Greatest Amusement Company for rival Carnivals at bigger money? Dave had only a vague idea.

"What ails her?" he asked anxiously.

"'Nother o' them faintin' spells," answered Tom, seizing a pail of water which stood just inside the tent door. "Keels right over an' faints plum away."

"MIND her clo's!" commanded Dave sharply, anticipating Tom's method of resuscitation. It was close upon the opening hour, and aside from the fact that Rosie would have no time to change, he realized what the ruining of that red satin garment would mean. It was no small job to buy and make Rosie's clothes.

After several moments spent in ineffectual sprinkling, Tom disregarded caution and threw the remaining contents of the pail in the girl's face. She heaved forward with a gasp and sat up.

"Say—wh—whatyer tryin' t'do? Drownd me?" Her voice was anything but cheerful; Dave hardly recognized it. "An' lookut whatyer done t' my gownd; lookut the spots! It's rooned! G'way, an' mind yer own business!"

"Hustle up, Rosie, an' git ready," said Tom, unaffected. "I gotta leave them people in, in a minute. Yuh can't sleep all afternoon, yuh know." He winked at Dave over his shoulder.

"*Fattest girl on earth. Fattest and prettiest girl alive!*" The voice of the spieler told them that the crowds were filtering into the grounds "*Only sixteen years old and weighs 625 pounds! . . How many please? Yes, ma'am, children half price. . . . Yer's yuh fifteen cents change, miss' Tha's aw right. Yer, Lady. . . Yuh gotta pay fer that boy! He ain't no child in arms! . . . . I can't he'p that, five cents! . . . On'y a dime, ten cents. . . to see Rosie, the fattest girl on earth. . . .*"

And Charley spieled his best unaware of the serious state of affairs inside

Rosie had burst into an alarming torrent of tears

"Fer Gawd's sake, turn off the water works, girl," cried Dave. "Ain't we had enough, up to now? Say"—he shook her shoulder, an eerie feeling passing over him, as he felt the mass of flesh tremble and quiver under his hand— "say, what in blazes is the matter with you, anyway?"

The girl wriggled impatiently from him.

"I gotta have sumpin to stuff in my ears," she sobbed

"Here's my gloves, or will yuh have my socks?" inquired Tom with fine though misplaced irony. And at a sign from Dave he thrust his head through the curtains and bawled,

"Charley, hey, Charley—aw Charley! Gee, you're worse'n a house afire, when yuh gets up there sellin ticket! Ain't yer ears workin' to-da Tell them people the show starts in ten minutes—yes, yuh got me—ten minutes, see?" and he popped his head back again in time to hear Rosie saying:

"AN' this week it's the blamed Grease Joint! All I hear is

"Red Hot. . . . Red Hot. . . .
A loaf of bread and a pound of meat
And all the mustard you can eat!

"I tell yuh, Dave it's drivin' me crazy! I ain't got a nerve left! I'm fixin' ter go clean bug-house, an' that's no joke! I gotta have another place when we hits the next burg, or I leaves this aggregation of freaks. That's a cinch!"

Dave Brothers could hardly believe his ears. He expected kicking from the other Shows, no matter where they were "placed"; indeed, he would have considered it an ominous sign had there been no grumbling amongst them. But it was usually Rosie who jollied them into something akin to good humor. Why, he had been obliged several times to give her the least advantageous place on the grounds—the space adjacent to the merry-go-round, but she drew the crowds just the same and never added to his troubles by quarreling. Beside, Charley was a first class spieler, with a voice that a Mississippi River boat fog-horn might envy, and after rising above the din of the merry-go-round, he could not see why Rosie should look upon the Cook House as a serious inconvenience. No, the girl was sick.

"Cheer up, little one," cried Tom. "You shall have the City Hall square all to yourself next burg we strike, if you'll jes' smile an' look pleasant a minute, so's I can let them galoots in."

HE peeped through the curtains and barely escaped an untimely end as Rosie's shoe struck the canvas an inch above his ear. Unaffected, he handed it back to her and helped her put it on. Dave, still heaving sighs of distress, slipped out at the side, just as Tom allowed the first twenty people to enter. They were preceded by a splendid burst of sunshine.

Rose boldly powdered her nose as the flap fell, then she smiled a toothy smile on the lot.

"Thank Gawd," she said to herself, "fer clear weather and the rubes. I shorely need the money!"

Rosie's history is probably not unlike that of many another "world's greatest fat girl." Born on an Ohio farm, she early exhibited signs which fitted her for Carnival life. As she grew from childhood into girlhood, she hardly realized how thankful she should have been to live on an Ohio farm, instead of being compressed into a Harlem flat. It was Dave Brothers, himself, who had discovered her, had offered her a place in the World's Greatest Amusement Company, and under whose guidance, she had brought herself up two hundred pounds. From an abnormally heavy girl, Rosie had developed in one season into a Midway freak, one who could hardly walk the length of her tent, who had to be loaded on a furniture van for transportation to and from the train, and who was obliged, owing to her size, to ride in the baggage car!

Now riding on moving vans and in baggage cars is lonesome business, when one knew that the rest of the company was pleasantly squabbling in buses and the day coaches. But Rosie always emerged good tempered and cheerful, ready to listen to grievances, and as has been said, to smooth them over until——

Well, here begins the story:

BEN CARY joined the Carnival. Ben was an ordinary roustabout who in his day, had been almost everything but India Rubber Man, "an' he's too darn close ever to be that," his fellows said of him. It was suspected that Ben had made money while acting as Wild Man for the Arena Amusement Company, and also as the human Sea Lion, when for six months he wore a slimy suit of dark fur, lived in a gooey tank, and made such raucous noises as had everlastingly impaired his epiglottis, or whatever is likely to go first under a hard strain. What he did with his earnings, no one knew, for unlike the rest of the company, he talked very little about his prosperity and his prospects. He just quietly salted his money away and dreamed his ambitious dreams. In the present Carnival, Ben helped with the installing and packing of the merry-go-round, selling confetti between times. When the last of the tents and poles were loaded and Rosie was heaved with many a grunt on the van, Ben would spring up beside her and chat as they bumped along to the station. There, after everything was safely stowed in the baggage car, but the World's Greatest Fat Girl, Ben would give her a mighty shove and help her aboard, often staying to keep her company until the next town was reached.

AND no velvetted and plumed gallant ever won his lady's heart in the lists more surely, than did Ben Cary win Rosie's youthful affections by his kindness. She thought of him by day and dreamed of him by night; she listened for his voice and hated all the other disturbing sounds about the Carnival. Jack Remmick, the popular young fellow who ran the Cook House, or "Grease Joint," earned Rosie's undying hatred by drowning the sound of Ben's voice, as he cried:

Confetti, confetti! Everybody buys confetti! A great big bag five cents, the half of a dime! A barrel of fun in every bag of confetti!"

Rosie harbored no false hopes. Although in most of the books she read—books which generally sold because of their beautifully lurid cover designs—the hero loved the heroine "for herself alone," she banked on a more material lure.

"If I could show him," she said to herself, "a good fat wad, enough to start him in sumpin'—an' keep it a goin' too, if needs be—I'd stand a chanct, I b'lieve. But I gotta have the wad. He don't want to be a Carnival roustabout all his sweet young life. An' he don't want to be no Human Sea Lion, neither. Not if I can help it!"

With a substantial bank balance Rosie would have certainly laid her heart and fortune at Ben's feet; without the fortune she could do little but pine for him, and hoard her pride. It brought her a small measure of comfort to know that her secret was not suspected. Others might pair off mate and part, other men and maids might look upon one another with eyes of longing and desire, but no one ever suspected such a thing of The Largest Girl On Earth.

"He don't no more consider me a gurl," she thought, 'no more than the tent poles. I'm jes' a piece o' extra excess baggage."

But as though pining for Ben was not enough trouble to crowd upon her, had hitherto been an unclouded life, Rosie's grouch had a more substantial cause. SHE WAS RAPIDLY LOSING WEIGHT!

THIS meant not only the loss of her position, but the loss of Ben. For as soon as it became patent that she was not the fattest girl on earth she must relinquish the right to gather in her $100.00 a week or thereabouts, and in consequence, her hope of tempting Ben. Losing weight made her worry on a financial score; losing Ben caused acute heartache. The one condition re-acted upon the other, each taking its toll of pounds. Was Rosie to be blamed for her grouch and her fainting spells?

She sat upon her red-draped platform and answered questions in a restless manner.

"Yes sir, I was born fat. Weighed thirty pounds at two months. No, ma'am, I don't take no special treatment. . . Yes, I eats reglar, appetite good. . . What yer say? Why, Tom, there at the door, he brings my meals to me. . No'm, I don't take no exercise to speak of. . .

It was a "good" afternoon, and there was no supper for most of the Show people. With a few exceptions they were all continuous "grinds" and could not afford to close their doors for supper. But Rosie was the exception.

Shylock was no keener after his pound of flesh than she was for her double portion of steak, eggs, potatoes, beans, bread cheese and coffee. A whole pie was but a snack to Rosie.

She demolished the supper under whose weight Tom's knees had buckled as he carried it, and finished off with a handful of popcorn which an admiring hayseed offered her. But it was hard to force it down. She made up her mind to take a good stiff tonic. The trouble about that was letting Tom into her secret. None of the show people must guess the calamity which hung over head. She could not tell Dave, nor could she ask him to buy her the dope, least of all could she ask Ben. There was nothing for it, when four weeks passed, and her clothes hung on her like a fat man's suit on a broom stick, there was nothing for it but to send for a doctor. She did not dare get weighed, but she knew that some fifty pounds must have faded from her [illegible].

Strangely, the loss of it showed in her face, first. She clung desperately to one of her chins, but it vanished. To her surprise, one morning, in the small mirror which hung in her dressing tent, she discovered a dimple in one plump cheek. It did not come much into play, except for Ben, but Rosie caught him looking at her curiously more than once, as he, with several other of the Carnival crowd, assembled in her tent in the mornings.

Waiting for the doctor in whose powers she had great confidence, Rosie listened unsympathetically to the complaints going on about her; the habit of dropping in and recounting their troubles to her was too strong in most of the crowd, to be laid aside suddenly.

THE doll-rack man was speaking. "An' the tight-wads, they hung about the rail, a-listenin' to my spiel till I was hoarse, but never did they come across with a nickle. I took in about half enough to feed a canary bird, las' week, an' that's no dream. Such a burg!"

He looked at Rosie.

"Aw, you put too heavy a gimmick on 'em," she returned callously. "Nobody wants to get stung that a-way, Bill."

"Gimmick!" repeated the injured Bill. "Gimmick your grandmother! A chile could have knocked them dolls down with a marble. Why, Rosie, I had 'em standin' plum upright. Don't tell me I had no gimmick on them baby-dolls; that makes me jes' nachelly sore!"

By which Bill meant to refute Rosie's accusation that he had his dolls tipped at such an angle that it would have been impossible to have knocked them down with a cannon ball, no matter what the prizes.

It is a regrettable fact, and no one regretted it more than Bill himself, that it was necessary to gimmick many things around a Carnival. In a "good" week, when the crowds were free with their money, and the various games of chance or ball were well patronized, the gimmick was certainly heavy. The crowds were in a sportive mood and would play whether they won or not. During a poor week when a fellow would look long at his five cent piece before exchanging it for three balls, the gimmick would be raised, and Bill's dolls would tumble backward with ever so feeble a throw. Then with convivial encouragement, he would hand the fellow a cigar, and say, to the onlookers,

"See how easy it's done? A chile can do it. One doll, one cigar. Two dolls, two cigars! Three dolls, and yuh gits a quarter back! Come one, come all. Th'ow at the dolls. . . . Three balls fer a nickle, on'y five cents fer three balls. . . ."

ROSIE turned tartly to the Cigarette Fiend who had a grievance to air.

"An' I don't let no one talk to me like that—manager or no manager! He needn't think I'm bound to this aggregation—no sir, not fer a minute! I'm as independent as he is. I gotta good trade, an' I ain't so slow at it, neither. I could leave this here bunch to-morrow, and make as good money—"

"Well, you ain't doin' us no favor by re-mainin', Sam," she remarked. "I don't want ter call your bluff, an' hurry you none, but——"

At this moment, just as the situation was growing decidedly unpleasant Tom entered and whispered to Rosie that the pill slinger was on his way.

With an air that a duchess might have envied, the Fat Girl turned to the crowd.

"I'll trouble you-all to excuse me," she said. "I gotta gentmun frien' a-comin' to call on me, this mornin', an' we have sumpin private to talk over. . . ."

The doctor came. He looked at her tongue, felt her pulse, listened to her lungs, thumped her in unexpected places and asked all manner of questions. But he could not find any reason for her malady. Indeed, he was a rather unsympathetic young man, who leaned to thin women of the Burne-Jones type, and he looked upon Rosie, frankly, as a monstrosity.

In leaving her a box of pills, and a large bottle of glutinous fluid, he said,

"However, I don't think you have anything to worry about. I should think from what I have seen, that in all probability you will just become more normal, gradually. I am sure I hope it for you, with all my heart!"

Rosie was too utterly crushed to cry. She took some of the pills, which fortunately were nothing but a mixture of soda and sugar, drank a huge dose from the evil-looking bottle and sent Tom out for a quarter's worth of boiled rice. To her horror, when he brought it, she could not eat the stuff. Neither could she take sweets, nor, in fact, the old quantities of any food. Surreptitiously, she took tucks in her clothes and finally, after four more miserable weeks, resorted to padding.

"I NEVER seen no human disposition change like Rosie's," confided Tom to Charley the spieler, after a particularly exasperating afternoon. "Whatyer think she's turned against, now?"

"You?" asked Charley.

"She says to me, she says, 'Tom, here's on'y sixty-six tickets turned in, and I counted eighty four people in this here tent, with my own eyes. How's that?' she says. 'Well, Rosie,' I tells her, 'Them others was shills.' 'Shills?' she says. 'Well, Tom Boscombe, so long's you re my helper, don't you go an' let no more shills into my tent; d'ye hear?' Now, Charley, I leave it to you, can you beat it?"

Charley shook his head.

"There was a lot of 'em," he said. "I not ced it myself. There was three trapeze girls from the Great Western, an' a couple o guys from the Arena, an' a couple o' Jack's friends! Why, Rosie's gone batty! I can't turn down a shill!"

"No more can I. I s'pose she'll be wantin' me to pay, next!"

ROSIE endured the misery of each week for the sake of Saturday night and moving time. Her disposition had not improved, nor her cheerfulness returned. She merely sat heavily, and waited for the blow which was sure to fall and sever her connecton with Carnival life—and Ben Cary.

The first person to remark the insidious change working upon her generous personal charms, was Ben, himself. One Saturday night, when hoisting her on the dray had been less of a task than usual, when shoving her up the gang plank and into the baggage car had required little more than a guiding hand in the middle of her back, Ben had sat down on a bundle of canvas opposite and looked her over critically.

He saw a very fat girl surely, but one whose face was fresh and appealing, now that it was bereft of a succession of chins which dragged her mouth down at the corners, and gave that heavy dulness to her expression which only the managerially professional eye

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The Wooing That Failed

By H. E. Barnet

IS it true that the German Government has been whispering its prejudices into American editorial ears for a year or more? Read and see.

WHICHEVER way an observer turns in the German neighborhood of a Yankee city he is bound to be bumped by a lot of bold things. The one that hits him hardest and squarest between the eyes is what appears to be a singular oversight of the Lord. He left finesse clear out of the German makeup. Nor is it anywhere apparent that a conception of subtle contrivance has found a wee cranny to serve as a nesting place in the makeup of the second and third generations born in the United States Of course, that shouldn't be held against the German-Americans, for their Creator made them so, and. . . .

But there are a good many things in the German makeup in which the Creator had no hand—downright nasty, arrogant things for which a place can be found in no plan save that of "Deutschland uber alles." For instance a man is constantly stumbling over another fact as he roams about the same locality, and that is the number of futile things he can stack up like so many sheaves of wheat. The cap sheaf is the attempt to impress upon a German-American mind the idea that one may honestly have both a conscience and a decent conviction differing upon any point from Teutonic notions. One can wear himself out in the endeavor as he can exhaust himself by tossing a rubber ball against a brick wall; the thought will persist in bouncing back, and leave about the same sort of a mark as the ball does upon the bricks. This is not an indication of inherent density by any manner of means It is merely because he is born a German, born a devil's mess of things decidedly polaric to American institutions, and to individual as well as collective American citizenship—the attempt to graft the German Penal Code upon the people of the United States for one. It may also be remarked in passing that an assemblage of Germans can be relied upon to protest loudest and longest at what they may be pleased to look upon as an invasion of "personal liberty" when it steps on German toes.

SO, comes first the story of the lumbering Teutonic wooing of the Yankees. Now there is a possibility that it might have met with some slight reciprocation in the beginning but certainly not after it had progressed very far, if German civilization had been able to grow a thicker skin. But it happens that *kultur* is about the thinnest thing on the face of creation. A gentle scratch from the claws of opposition, and *r-i-p*! One stares straight at elemental brutality.

Something more than a year prior to the commencement of the present European War emissaries of the Imperial German Government became feverishly active in the United States. They began very slyly to engage themselves in a pernicious effort to foment discord between the people of all nationalities; to make them distrustful of one another in the commonplace relations of their everyday lives; and to develop open and hidden friction wherever possible. In the light of subsequent events there has come into full view one impudently nude fact; an idea was entertained that such odious doings would prove advantageous to the German Government. In other words, the Yankees were to be made, dishonestly, of course, radically pro-German in their sympathies.

The campaign was opened in the shape of an impertinent cajolery. But anybody who is familiar with the characteristics of the nation knows that such a method is on the far side of the table from the favored German notions

of procedure. Therefore, it is not at all amazing that within a short time the vicious attack upon American internal peace should degenerate as near to a knock-down-drag-out affair as it was thought decent Americans would stand.

GERMANS are notoriously awkward. If there are any beans to be carried they can be counted on to spill as many as the next burden-bearer. The promoters of the scheme chortled and kicked up their heels in a fit of unfortunate and premature glee. They took an amused tolerance of their efforts in stirring up prejudice against certain of the Powers to mean a coming over bag and baggage, to their way of thinking. Quite early in the joyful carryings on a cloven hoof broke through neat shoe leather and disported itself in the open a little too long to avoid curious and critical attention. Then ill concealed threats began to take the place of flattery. Consequently, because nobody has much time for a crank's lover, least of all the American people one of the pet plots of the powerful and unscrupulous author of the movement to precipitate their ruthless and bloody ambitions has died a stillborn as the day it was born.

THE United States has a plentiful supply of small and struggling newspapers and other periodicals. They are chronically hard up for service with which to make their columns attractive, and even to fill them up at all. Boiler plate matter was at one time, and is yet, a very prevalent American editorial habit. But it is a thing that must be paid for usually. The United States also shelters an astonishingly large number of people who have a "thing" concerning one thing or another, and considerable sums of money at their disposal to spend in the advancement of that hobbie. These people are eagerly seized upon by the boiler plate editor, as are any cheap ways of spreading their tenets abroad. Hardly a mail comes into the offices of the unlucky editors that does not include a missive or two, printed more or less cheaply, or typewritten by palpably incompetent or careless stenographers, issuing from postoffice box so and so in the city of Buncombe or Smith, or wherever it may be. Accompanying these missives are fervent requests to give the enclosed as much space as is possible, and a statement that the service will be continued free of expense if a mere recipient willingness is confessed. The confession is to be evidenced by the forwarding of the name of the individual on the editorial staff whose duty it will be to receive and prepare the matter to be forwarded to him.

The plan of this German endeavor was to first influence the press of the United States, especially the smaller publications. Advantage was to be taken of their weakness. Much more than a year before the outbreak of the War, weekly communications emanating from Washington began regularly to come to the desks of the editors of these smaller publications throughout the United States. They ostensibly came from an "International Information Bureau." The "Bureau" was held out to be in charge of one F. X. Weinschenk, who had the title of "Manager." Weinschenk seemed to have but one thing to enlarge upon, namely, an irreconcilable hatred of England, and abundant means to fritter away his perfervidness upon the accumulated editorial ears of the country.

> "THE English are afflicted with an insatiable desire to conquer all opposition, by any means, and at any sacrifice, which is responsible for the war."
>
> —*International Information Bureau.*

WITH the first of these tirades there came no introductory letter, no polite, fervent, or other request to give the matter space. There was just an arrogant sending on of the stuff, which seemed to radiate in the earlier communications an air of, "Well, here I am, and you've got to print me." There was no introductory explanation to the series; no plain statement of the intended object; no request that copies of the publication containing the articles be forwarded to show good faith. Nor was there the least anxiety shown as to whether any or all of the communications went into the waste basket, or into the hands of the typesetter. It was evidently taken for granted that editorial poverty would settle the question. The author launched himself forth into a series of alleged bulletins, long winded, in poor English, which had a faint idiomatic tinge, into all sorts of derogatory and spiteful utterance against England. The whole thing was as crude and as childish as it could well be, and evoked, in most instances only amusement until downright insult became paramount. Then the material was only useful in keeping up the accuracy of the editorial waste basket aim.

UPON the outbreak of the War a mass of matter was put out in the United States arguing Germany's cause and her guiltlessness in bringing about the War. A magazine devoted to the same purpose made its appearance, and one Herman Ridder began to add daily to the nation's humor by his articles which appeared in every sizeable newspaper in the country. The English of Ridder and that of the bulletin-issuing correspondent were decidedly alike, from which came a startling thought. Could it be that the Imperial Government of Germany had been actually whispering its prejudices for a year or more into editorial ears, and endeavoring to win even the most humble support in anticipation of the action it was then preparing to take?

There seemed to be no other inference to be drawn, and there was some editorial comment upon the subject. As a single instance, one rather prominent Catholic monthly devoted possibly three inches of space on its editorial page to a query concerning the source of the communications of the "Bureau." It stated quite frankly that as regularly as the communications came to hand, and the oblong envelopes were recognized, that they were consigned to the waste basket unopened, on the instant, without further thought being given to them. A great chatteration immediately arose from certain quarters that the "Bureau" was working in the interests of Catholicity, and not of the German Government; that Germany was a friend, and remains one, to those of the Catholic faith, and should be supported on that score. Well, there is only one answer to such specious statements. Germany has been, was then, and still is, ruthlessly engaged in devastating one Catholic country after another. There is another answer equally as strong. The "Bulletins" contained a great amount of material calculated to stir up to frenzy the worst elements in the ranks of the Socialists and of the I.W.W., two organizations with which the Catholic Church is engaged in a bitter warfare. Of its own weight the claim that the welfare of the Catholic Church was at the bottom of the efforts o—

Weinschenk sinks completely out of sight.

AND not merely one religion but all of them have been outraged in this wild scramble to gain a kindly glance towards barbaric acts. In common with them, that other one of the most sacred of man's possessions, his home, has been entered in various deceptive ways upon the same errand.

It would seem a nonsensical undertaking to reproduce each paragraph of even one asinine "Bulletin" and comment upon it. The condemnatory application to German methods and actions is too plain, and yet, remember, they were written by a German for Germany, and with the sole hope of creating pro-German sympathy. However, one "Bulletin" is picked at random from the pile. It seems to be a fair average, though there are others more virulent in language, and more open in accusations against England. This particular communication is headed "Civilization," and in the opening paragraph gives the German version of the reason of being of the present War.

"IF Civilization means anything," is the rather abrupt way of beginning, "it means Civility, and not only acting civil, but being actually civil," a piece of advice it would be well to spread in German-American localities. "If the civilized world appears civilized to some, it lacks considerable of being civilized. The worldly may be considered civilized on the outside, but civility does not consist in outward stunts or words. There is a vast difference between genuine civility and refined hypocrisy. Uncontrolled vice is liable to break out into viciousness whenever its greed is obstructed and opposed. This is why War rages at the present time."

This, one is given to understand, in the light of other paragraphs in the same communication, and stated in plain words in other "Bulletins," is a reference to the actions of the British Government. Looking at the causes which led up to the present War through German lenses, the whole responsibility rests upon British shoulders. Somebody got in the way of English greed, and War started straightway to rage. But could anything be more apt in its application to German aggressions and methods than this opening paragraph? It seems to be a sort of an uncanny glimpse straight into guilty German minds. Evidently the writer must have thought something of the same thing, for a little later he says:

"WHILE a great deal of civilization exists, it is not of the world, but is driven out of the world, into the Catacombs, as it were," which seems to be quite a frank confession that Civilization failed to find a refuge in Germany—a mere matter of common knowledge, possibly, that needs no repetition. "The so-called modern Civilization will not stand a test," the writer continues, "as has been demonstrated by the greedy elements forcing the European War. With the elements in power and at the top, there is a lack of self-control, of limiting greed and wants." Belgium? And why not add "lusts?" Possibly they are meant to be included in the word "wants." It must not be forgotten that this is an attempt to impress upon Yankee minds the fact that England brought on this War—forced it, if you please—and that the hideous practices in Europe are those of the English Armies, and back of them, of course, the English Government. Poor Germany, the "Bulletins" continue to say, had no other alternative but to declare war to save itself from England.

"They," the English, "are afflicted with an insatiable desire to conquer all opposition, by any means, and at any sacrifice, which is responsible for the war. The world has reached a stage, where men who are not civilized themselves cannot civilize others," Rather a pleasant prospect if it ever comes to "Deutschland uber alles." "The time for iron-hand methods and human slavery is past. God intends to liberate the masses from both Satan and the money power yoke." Will Belgium be freed from the monster? Evidently so if this prediction amounts to a pinch of salt. The "money power yoke" refers to British investments in the United States, and, from the "Bulletins" one is to gather that the United States is dominated by England to a pitiful degree. It is queer that the Yankees had to wait to be informed by Germany before they realized the fact. "Leaders, instead of drivers, will be required to govern in the future."

HOWEVER, it is refreshing to know that part of the burden of being responsible for the European War is lifted, along towards the tail end of the "Bulletin," from British shoulders, but just where it is placed for the time being is left to one's imagination. 'The attempt to continue the unjust British international material system"—just whatever may be meant by that in the United States—"after having run its course, is principally responsible for the European War," Weinschenk continues to explain over his own signature. "Upon this unjust international material system, a great deal of modern training is based. The extreme to which things have gone cannot be realized by those trained along this crooked line. However this war may open their eyes to their crookedness and injustice."

Then comes the promulgation of a remarkable discovery, namely, that somebody's statesmen are liars from breakfast to supper, and from supper to breakfast. "In a milder form also war, technicalities and strategy have taken the place of justice, until to-day [illegible] to know more about how to line up than they do about Justice." Yankee courts have come to be an object of attack by irresponsibles, and there is some [illegible] complaint, but this sentence falls when meant to apply to English legal methods; any American schoolboy is aware of that fact. It is just one of the attempts of the bulletin correspondent to arouse a half-hearted antagonism towards Yankee institutions. "The knowledge of technicalities, without being established upon justice does not supply the necessary [illegible] Judgment. The extent to which the crooked material system and training has drawn those out of line and away from truth, may be roughly [illegible] when it is considered that (according to history) about a hundred years statesmen 'could not tell a lie' where to-day they 'cannot tell the truth.' Words will twist on them, and they can get them out of their mouth." Any malefactor says the same thing. "Is this civilization, and why is it?" It is partly due to hypocrisy acting under the guise of diplomacy and of variegating having become a practised art. It is principally due to the crooked material system, and the pride of the creature having become greater than the Creator, according to their own rating." Once it was said by the German Kaiser. Mein Gott! However it is hoped by Weinschenk that the Yankees will take this matter to the British supreme ruler.

"ANYONE or anything, that will disturb that rating, is considered instrumental, according to their views of degrading civilization. To men inflated with this fictitious rating and the pride of Satan—" once more to remember, the German Kaiser said, Mein und Gott!"—"an humble Savior cannot possibly be greater than these men are capable of rating themselves." Perhaps that remark was "Me und Gott und mine friends." The "Bulletin" continues: "In fact, they are their own gods, and woeful condemnation will befall any institution that will disturb these self-created gods. With them 'blood will tell' the whole story and 'flows thicker than water.' With these trained animals 'breeding' and 'title' count for more than spirit and intellect." This is the first threat

Continued on page 44.

"I'm coming after you"

"So did Napoleon"

Ceilings Limited

Young Forsythe sets out to beat Daddy Parks via the barber's chair, and Alice doesn't object

By R. Rohdie

Illustrated by Marjorie Mason

CYRUS PARKS, who usually enforced a sixty second limit on interviews, had done something unprecedented. For fifteen full minutes he had permitted a voluble someone else to monopolize his time, holding him in the passive role of listener.

The someone else was a younger man and tremendously in earnest.

"You've used a great deal of valuable time, William," burst forth Cyrus Parks now, "but the situation remains exactly as it was. It has taken you a quarter hour to tell me that you have quit the Thompson agency and are going to tackle the advertising business on your own hook, that you have saved a few thousands and are confident of making them grow into hundreds of thousands."

"Considering the important matters involved," said the young man, coolly, "it would seem the fifteen minutes were well invested."

"Those matters, I believe, were closed in our last conversation."

"Not quite definitely. You told me to go out and make good. To date I've made good with the Thompsons and now I'm going to make good for myself. Now, making good is a loose term, Mr. Parks, and what I'm after means so much to me that I want it defined. Suppose I were to build up a successful advertising agency of my own and——"

"SUPPOSE" put in Cyrus Parks, dryly. "How many of them now are living on crusts?"

"I have in mind an agency of my own in a field created by me and closed to all others," went on the younger man, ignoring the interruption

"One thing I do like, William," Cyrus Parks admitted, "is originality. If you can discover a new advertising medium in this day, something worth while that the other fellows have passed up, and then can go ahead and make money out of it, I should call that making good."

"It was $10,000 a year, wasn't it, that you suggested as the income of an eligible young man?"

"It was—but remember I made no promise. I want to keep her myself."

"But what I want now is a promise. You have told me more than once that you didn't think I had a $10,000 a year brain. You had referred to my irritating lack of originality, telling me you knew a half hundred persons just like me in looks, actions and thoughts and that none of them had ever presumed to bother you on the same subject. Now, suppose I can show you you're wrong."

Bah!" snorted Cyrus Parks. "I know your type, William. You're a dreamer. You're dreaming now. There's nothing practical about you. You can write a fairly decent piece of advertising copy, as I know, when there's no big point to be driven home hard—and that's the beginning and end of you."

"Then, if you're so sure?"

There was a ring of challenge in the young man's tone. Cyrus Parks, about to snap a reply, thought better of it and bit his lip. He rose abruptly from his desk and stood for a moment at the wide window, looking out over the sweep of roofs and the harbor beyond. Presently he spoke, slowly and quietly.

"Gentlemen," began young Forsythe, "we have come together to put under way a most important project"

"IT'S a good many years since I've gambled, William," he said. "Then—that one time—it was what they would call an even money chance. It was the gamble that built this business. And I won, but I made up my mind then that if I ever took another risk of any sort the chances must be a thousand to one in my favor—or better.

"You haven't explained just what you think you're going to do, but I know your dreamer type and I know what little chance you have of getting where you start for. I'll take you, William!"

"Making good then, means—?"

"I'll leave the rest to Alice," promised Cyrus Parks.

"I DON'T believe I quite understand you, sir," apologized the working proprietor of the Majestic building barber shop.

With one hand cupped behind his

ear he implied he was hard of hearing rather than mentally obtuse, while his face expressed chagrin at the necessity of making a first chair customer repeat himself.

"I said," repeated the young man in the chair, "that it is a wonder to me how you barbers will go on, year after year, wasting the most valuable space in your shops."

The rhythmic beat of razor on strop ceased as the working proprietor rallied to the defense of his scheme of interior planning.

"It took me a whole day," he replied, "to figure where to put the last two chairs without losing the cigar case."

Billy Forsythe, immaculate, prosperous, close cropped and square of jaw, laughed with the easy air of one who could afford the indulgence.

"You still don't understand," he said. "I don't mean the way you've used your floor. I've seen shops this size in other cities, as a matter of fact, which were cramped with a chair less. It's your ceiling I'm talking about."

"Oh," acquiesced the barber, looking upward with a stare as blank as the gold and white expanse which met his eyes. "Yes, yes. Quite right, sir!"

"Hasn't it ever occurred to you, honestly, that you could make that ceiling come pretty close to paying your rent?"

THE overlord of the Majestic building barbers was a personage with whom few ventured to jest. Although he continued in his prosperity to wield the razor and ply the shears he was a man of substance. His account was considered one of importance in the Rush Street Bank; and his dignity was no less for his official position as second term president of the International Master Barbers' Association.

Nevertheless the idea of drawing profits from the unused ceiling, fantastic though it appeared, was one that grew more inviting as he turned it over in his mind. And besides there was nothing fantastic about this clear-eyed young man, who clipped his words and whose face remained grave under scrutiny.

"Pay the rent with the ceiling, sir?" mused the head barber.

"How?"

THE officers and directors of the International Master Barbers' Association sat in executive session. Pleasure in full measure was being mixed with business, and the pleasure was not costing them a cent.

Mr. William Forsythe, the magnetic and magnanimous young business man who had promise to show them how to increase their profits was sponsored by no less reliable person than their president was paying for every thing—for the railroad tickets which had brought them here, for the hotel suites which they had found in readiness, for the dinner which they had just finished and for the theater boxes which all would occupy when the business was over with.

Now before them rose young Mr. Forsythe, all business. He bowed to President Tobey — otherwise Joseph Tobey, proprietor of the Majestic building barber shop—in acknowledgment of a somewhat florid introduction.

"Gentlemen," he began, sweeping the length of the table with a friendly and confident smile. "We have come together to-night to put under way a most important project. From your president you already have an idea of what I am about to say.

"But I want to impress upon you that the barber shops of this country hold the most valuable advertising space in the world. There is no space to be compared with your ceilings.

"Ninety per cent. of your customers —all good spenders as their presence in your shop proves—come to you to get shaved. For fifteen minutes, on the average, they lie back in your chairs with nothing to look at but the ceiling. In general they are busy men with active minds, who begrudge the time they must spend in the barber shop.

"To men of their sort no form of reading makes a bigger appeal than a well gotten up advertisement. Now suppose there were suspended from the ceiling of every barber shop a set of advertising posters such as you see in the street cars."

"But I've spent $5,000 on my ceiling," interposed a barber from Jonesville. "I have a high class shop. Putting advertisements on the ceiling would cheapen it."

"THAT was Mr. Tobey's first argument and his only one against our project," said Forsythe. "He came to agree with me that men do not visit a barber shop to admire art and that the most ornate ceiling tires the eye when there is nothing else to look at. And why should your ceiling be a liability, why should it require an investment of $5,000 when it should be making money for you?

"You men plot and plan to get in the last possible chair, yet permit the equally valuable ceiling to go to waste. The ceiling, let me tell you, will pay the rent of the average shop. Now, how about art?"

The first act was half over before Mr. Forsythe's guests reached their theatre boxes. But by that time a

Even after the click of the telephone told him that Alice hung up, he didn't move

company tentatively called "Ceilings, Ltd." had been organized with William Forsythe as president and general manager, with the proprietor of the shop of the $5,000 ceiling as first vice-president, with Joseph Tobey as treasurer and with the directors of the International Master Barbers' Association as a board of trustees.

EACH of the morning newspapers carried the same full page advertisement. Cyrus Parks had been interested enough to make sure of that. His own fortune had been built on advertising and here was a medium that would reach his public without waste—that would go direct to the man who ought to have a Parks Pen in his pocket.

So engrossed was Cyrus Parks in outlining a campaign through the new medium that a visitor was in his private office before he realized one had been announced.

"You strike me at a busy moment, William," he complained. "You might have let me alone a few months longer. I don't suppose you've got anywhere with your agency?"

"I haven't had much time to devote to it," confessed Billy Forsythe, contritely. "From now on, though, I'm going to buckle down to detail."

"I thought your dreaming would hold you back. Now if I were a young advertising man and wanted to get ahead, I'd hook up with this—but did you see the papers this morning, William? Some enterprising person is going to put advertising into the

(continued on page 50)

Political Fish

By R. T. Griswold

Illustrated from Photographs

I was included among the guides' party as a sort of second cook, waiter and general pack horse

MOST everybody knows that political parties and church choirs have something in common—they are generally split into factions. I'm rather glad it's so, for that is how I, an ordinary reporter on a weekly stipend but a shade bigger than that of a millionaire's chauffeur, came to have a glimpse at that wonderful sport which only the rich are supposed to enjoy—salmon fishing

That was back a couple of years ago. The conservatives in this province seemed to have a chance to pocket everything that wasn't nailed down The reformers, both in the province and the Dominion, were fussing among themselves, and it looked as if the conservatives would win in a walk. The editor of my paper, who had been the leader of one faction for a number of years, invited the Lieut.-Governor, the Mayor of this city, and two or three leaders from other parts of the province to a conference at his house one afternoon. His plan was to go into the fight with the strongest ticket that could be picked, and then to combine all forces on this ticket for the election. It was the boss's plan to have the ticket represent all factions so there wouldn't be any sniping on election day. His conference was held early in April, but it did not result in much. The leaders seemed afraid to go into the deal without consulting their followers. Then the boss hit upon another plan. It was to get the leaders away, clear off from the rest of the esser party bosses somewhere, and have them thresh out the slate. But the question was where to have this "confab." Big Mike O'Brien, who was supposed to represent the manufacturing interests, finally solved the problem by inviting the whole crowd over to New Brunswick, to a fishing club he belonged to on the Magaguadavil River, near St. Andrews.

"We will all meet at Toronto, and then go up to St. Andrew on the Canadian Pacific" explained Big Mike. "We can have a lot of fun, besides having plenty of time to do all the scheming and slate-making we want to. Fishing for salmon in the New Brunswick rivers is even more exciting than politics. Between the two we ought to have a corking time."

My boss found at the last minute that he couldn't go. He sent Frank Cook in his place, but he wanted some one along, also, to tip off the paper in case anything should happen. It was fixed with Mike O'Brien that I be taken along as sort of assistant cook and camp domestic. The boss picked me, I suppose, because I had not been in the province very long, and did not then know one of the political lights by sight

That assignment was an eye-opener

to me in a lot of ways. When the party boarded the train at Toronto one might easily have thought every one in it was confident he was going to arrange the political death of most of the other members of the party. Even the game of "rhummy" they played that night on the train was decidedly a cut-throat affair. But the first night in the woods there was a noticeable change, and before the party had been in camp two days one would have thought it was made up of old college chums who were out for their annual reunion. There was something I cannot describe about the wonderful outdoor air of that great North Country that made these men—all of them giants mentally—respond to the invitation of nature, and made them forget the little, petty, unnatural feelings towards each other.

MIKE had telegraphed ahead. Everything was arranged for us when the party arrived at St. Andrews. There were five principals in the party, and Mike had a guide for each one, besides the cook. I was included among the guides' party as a sort of a second cook, waiter, and pack horse, but at the second dinner in camp Mike told my secret, and I was included "at table" for the balance of the stay on the river. I always will be thankful to Mike for one other kindness. Old man Smith (that's not his name, but as I am not giving real names in this chronicle, Smith will do as well as any other) didn't want to fish. He ran a lot of elevators down in a far corner of the province, and was on the jump most of the time.

"Can't see why any man should want to come up here and work his head off fishin' when he could just as well rest," was Smith's way of looking at the trip So Mike assigned Smith's guide to me, and, as luck would have it, Mike picked on Monk, as he was called, for me. Monk knew more about the doings of the wisest of the finny tribe that a private detective knows about the "calling list" of a budding young city sport who has been tagged for the divorce court. A half-breed Indian, Monk had been up and down most of the rivers worthy of the name on the Northern and Eastern shores of New Brunswick since he was old enough to handle a canoe alone. And, it might be added, the Indians in that North country know a canoe almost as soon as they know how to eat deer meat.

When Big Mike told me that I was to go salmon fishing with Monk as my guide I immediately hunted up the Indian to arrange for a start up the river by daylight next morning.

"You sleep. Fish sleep," Monk replied without getting in the least excited at my enthusiasm. "No fun so early—too cold. Fish want breakfast when sun get warm."

"But Monk, all the rest are out early," I put forward by way of the best argument I could muster.

"Three hours work—no fish."

WITH this reply Monk squelched me. As I went away to join the rhummy game in the first cabin I had a deep feeling the Indian was lazy. But when I heard the other men turning out early—shortly after five the next morning—I felt Monk was pretty wise after all. It certainly was nice to roll tighter in the warm blankets for another two hour snooze.

The other four returned for breakfast about eight o'clock without a fish, just at the time we had finished our breakfast and were ready to start.

"Monk, is it really so that salmon sleep at night, and won't bite until later?" I asked as we pushed off from shore in the canoe, and headed up stream to a pool the Indian said should be tried first.

"Um—you can see. Salmon lay dead so long like sleep? Never caught salmon early." Monk went on to tell that his people had seen the salmon in the clear pools many a time during the early hours but had seldom known them to be tempted by any bait offerings until after seven o'clock. Monk figured the best hours for salmon fishing were between the hours of eight and eleven in the morning, and between four o'clock and sundown in the afternoon.

After that first day of fishing I was afraid that the party would break up all too soon

As a boy I had fished frequently for bass and channel cat. My father had been quite an enthusiastic fisherman, and had taught me how to handle a line. But on this trip I was using borrowed tackle. That made me rather nervous, perhaps. Then, too, I did not know a thing about what to use as an offering for the salmon. First I thought I would try to bluff it through, then I decided I'd better confess my ignorance, my absolutely blind ignorance to Monk and enlist his help.

'Monk, you ll have to help me a lot if we are going to take any salmon back to camp," I said to him. "I don't know a blessed thing about how to fish for these jumpers."

"No fear. We kill some."

Kill fish! That sounded rather peculiar, but I soon learned what he meant. Arriving at one side of the pool Monk had headed for, he took the fly book and picked out what I afterwards learned was a "Jock Scott," which he said was the best one to try first in the morning. He instructed me to cast out over the pool towards the opposite side of the river, and to reel in slowly This I did twice. I had taken perhaps two turns on the reel on the third cast when—I swear I can never forget the feeling that came like an electric shock up through my arms from the rod, and all over my body. I can remember what a "bass strike" was like, and have a recollection that a channel cat frequently offered a tug of war. But this salmon on the end of the line was like driving a strong-headed team.

TO my surprise Monk paddled down so that the canoe stood below the salmon. Then followed a race back and forth across the pool. All the while I held as stiff a line as I could. Then there was a sudden halt

"Him stand on head," Monk said as he looked over my shoulder, and started paddling towards the shore line of the pool. This move seemed to outwit my finny friend, and I succeeded in getting in fully twenty-five feet of line. Monk beached the canoe and motioned to me to try to work the salmon down to a little ledge of rock that jutted out into the pool. He stood there, gaff in hand, ready for our friend, and splash! He had him gaffed before I knew what he was up to. I am rather proud to state this, my first salmon, weighed a few ounces over fourteen pounds, and you may believe I was proud of him when I displayed him at camp a few hours later.

After we were back in the canoe again on the way to another pool I remembered what Monk had said: "Him stand on head"

"What did you mean, that the sal-

mon was standing on its head?" I asked.

"Um! Why him swim? Why him jump? Why him take fly? Just like salmon. So him stand on head. Him know him stronger that way to pull against line. Him try to spit out hook."

WHEN at college I felt in awe of the professors who knew so many things about trees and flowers. The knowledge of this Indian professor in Nature's college certainly commanded my respect. I learned later he had heard most all the theories about how the salmon go down to the sea as grilse, and come back as full grown salmon to deposit their eggs, and that Monk had some perfectly logical ideas all his own.

After that first day of salmon fishing I was afraid that the party would break up all too soon.

But that night my fears along that line were allayed. O'Brien had told me that the night before everything looked to be fixed for the right kind of a slate. The man from the coal mines was holding out, and would not endorse any slate. Mike could see he was having the time of his life sitting on the cabin porch all day reading, and playing rhummy with the "gang" as late at night as they would sit up. Mike figured he wanted to stay longer than Friday when we were supposed to go back to St. Andrews and take the train back home. So that third night, after most of us had finished supper, Mike proposed the "party" be extended at least five days. The Mayor was the only objector. He had an important council meeting slated for the following Tuesday night, and he felt that he should be present.

"I'll wire Johnson of the Press to have the boys postpone the council meeting for a week if you say the word," Mike volunteered. That fixed it, and likewise the slate, for the coal man swung into line without a murmur when the slate was taken up for a few moments before the rhummy game started that night. I was sent with Monk into St Andrews the next morning to wire the news to my boss. I rather grudged that day off the river, but I learned a lot of things about salmon from Monk during the trip to town and back.

"WISE fishers think they know," said Monk in one of these "lectures," which to me were more interesting than any I had heard at college. "Indians—old one—know salmon not. How do wise ones?"

Monk gave it as his theory that the salmon come back into the rivers only to deposit their eggs; that they always come in pairs, of course, and that they do not loiter to see the eggs hatch, but start right off again on a sight seeing tour, and then head back to the sea. He disagreed with the "wise ones" as he called them, in the theory that the salmon came into the rivers every year. He thought in most cases it was not more frequent than once in two years, and in some cases but once in five years.

Monk also expressed the opinion, gained from his personal observation and that of older Indian fishermen, that most of the salmon find their way back to the same rivers and the same pools they had visited in previous years, and from which they had departed as grilse on their first trip to the sea. To prove this theory Monk told of having killed a salmon which had a hook and a piece of leader which had been severed from a part of his fishing paraphernalia o the previous year. Monk was positive this hook and leader came from his line because of certain identification marks.

"BUT Monk, perhaps he stayed in that pool, or in nearby pools, all that time," I said, rather unwilling to believe this wonderful tale.

"Him silver-shine," Monk replied, from which I knew his salmon was fresh from the sea within a few days, while salmon are dark after staying in the river for a short time.

From Monk's lectures I gathered that salmon are more giddy than schoôl girls, and that no Indian, even, knows what sort of an offering will tempt them at all times. That's the sport in salmon fishing, according to Monk, trying to out-guess the smart jumpers, as I call them.

Monk had some great tales about how high and how far a salmon can jump in making his way up the rapids and falls which are found in many places in most of the New Brunswick rivers. From the "pull" I have felt on my line from a fourteen or fifteen pound salmon I am quite ready to believe they could find their way over quite high rapids, and even propel their powerful fins through a current that would make a motor boat look like a toy.

Back in camp I listened with interest to the tales told by other members of the party of their catches, and when bedtime came I would have tried to persuade Monk into making an early start the next morning had I not known that was a useless effort. I had another demonstration of the soundness of Monk's theory about the early morning fishing for the two who did spend two hours on the river that next morning came back to camp without a sign of a fin, but with a chill that took several minutes before a rousing log fire and two or three cups of hot coffee to cure.

On my second day on the river Monk poled away down stream, beyond a rapids around which he carried the canoe. I learned afterwards this particular river was outside of the waters controlled by the fishing club whose guests we were, but Monk merely curled the corners of his eyes as he playfully offered to carry back the three fine salmon we had caught.

My first hook came within five minutes after I started, but I guess it was much over an hour before I succeeded in getting the salmon to where Monk could gaff him. The Indian told me afterwards he wanted to see how I got through the job alone, and I was rather proud as I remembered he had not coached me from the time of the first spin of the reel until the salmon was gaffed. The next one Monk handled at my request. I wanted to see how he would do it. It was better than any sleight of hand I have seen on a vaudeville stage. The Indian was one of those individuals who used "body English" when deeply interested in some piece of work in hand. As he handled the rod in one hand and poled the boat with the other or stood on a shallow ledge and worked his salmon around to the point where he could strike with the gaff, Monk's body twists and facial expressions would have done justice to a head clown in a five ring circus. As we expected a full week more in camp I was glad enough to go back to camp along about five o'clock, but if I had known what was awaiting us at the cabin I think I would have stayed out all night.

WORD had been sent from home that the council meeting could not be postponed. The matter of sewage was to come up. Of course the mayor had to be on hand. Big Mike also had to be present to look after some of the interests he represented. That meant our party broke camp that night and I had had the last of my salmon fishing until some day, maybe, when I write a book or a lot of short stories and gather an income having a surplus big enough to pay the expenses of another salmon fishing trip. When I do go, if he is still alive, I will make it part of my preparations to secure Monk as a guide.

Back in the office the boss asked me what I thought about salmon.

"They're a lot wiser than politicians," I replied, and although I have not had the pleasure of studying salmon first hand since that trip to St. Andrews two years ago I've seen a lot of politicians, and I have not changed my opinion.

The Fighting Men of Canada

By Douglas Durkin

THERE'S a moving on the water where the ships have lain asleep,
There's a rising of the wind along the shore;
There's a cloud that's heading landward, ever dark'ning, from the deep,
There's a murmur where the crowd was mute before.

And the order 's, "Come together !"
And the word is, "Down below !"
"There'll be forty kinds of weather
"When the winds begin to blow !"

We have counted up our shekels, we have turned our pennies in,
We have kissed the girls and closed the waiting line;
For there's business over yonder, dirty business for our kin,
And we're shipping out together on the brine.

And the call is "Do your duty !"
"Bon voyage ! Farewell ! Adieu !"
There'll be time for love and beauty.
When we've seen the business through.

There's a hush along the river where the tide goes out to sea,
And a song that echoes softly to the shore,
For the boats have set to seaward, creeping downward in the lee,
And a grim old dog of war leads on before.

And we sing a song of seamen
As we pass the answering hill,
"We are Britons, we are freemen,
"And we'll live as freemen still !"

Myriad-mouthed, they hail our coming, break in thunders of applause,
('Tis the Lion Mother's welcome to her brood !)
They have found us worthy kinsmen bred to serve a worthy cause,
Men of British nerve and born of British blood.

But the Captain's eye is leering,
And the word is, "Do your bit !
"There'll be time enough for cheering
"When the guns begin to spit !"

God, the long mad days of waiting, eating dust and spitting blood !
While the bullets rake the trenches where we lie !
Curse the hours that hold us waiting ! Damn the Captain's sober mood !
Let us run the fiends to hell or let us die !

But the Captain's word is given,
"Hold the line—we're one to ten !"
What's it matter—hell or heaven—
So we die like fighting men ?

Call it lust or call it honor ! Call it glory in a name !
We're a handful, more or less, of what we were,
But we praise the grim Almighty that we stuck and played the game,
Till we chased them at the double to their lair.

For the word came, "Up and over !"
And our answer was a yell
As we scrambled out of cover—
And we dealt the dastards hell !

The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS

Jeffrey, a successful artist, undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr Crow.

The story opens at the point where he returns to find his friend Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Oddly enough, the murdered girl—a singularly beautiful woman with masses of fair hair—was found frozen in solid ice, clad in a ball gown which had been put on her after she was shot through the heart. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew, and when he hastens anxiously to the studio, says the portrait has been stolen. By a bit of amateur detective work, they find the man who stole the frame and he confesses, but swears that he never touched the painting. On their return to the studio, Jeffrey learns that Togo, his valet, had removed the picture from the frame, but they cannot find it. Jeffrey relates some of his uncanny experiences in his Paris studio, one of which was seeing a light in his window, and on going in quietly to surprise the intruder hears a door shut and finds a candle still warm but a vacant room. Jeffrey goes to Etaples to get rid of the cobwebs and regain his nerve. Returning he finds in his studio an unfinished portrait of a beautiful girl, with the paint still wet and giving evidence that the artist had painted her own likeness from a mirror. Next morning the portrait had disappeared. He decided to leave Paris and on the night before his departure was standing on a bridge when he noticed a woman leaning against the rail. The hood about her head fell and it was the girl of the portrait! Two years later he received the Meredith commission. On opening the photograph he finds the face of the ghost girl of his Paris studio. Dr Crow is announced, presumably coming for the stolen portrait. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has succeeded in getting beneath the surface and has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph, tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris—a year after Claire Meredith died. Was it the light, or was Dr. Crow actually paler? Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in some details contained in the portrait which were not in the photograph, particularly a blueish green streak under the ear which resembled a jade earring. Jeffrey explains that this was in the ear of the girl on the bridge. Drew asks if it was "like this" displaying the earring. While looking for a card Crow had dropped it. The police lieutenant tells Jeffrey he has found the portrait among the effects of a raided spiritualist. A crude picture had been painted over the original, but when Jeffrey scrapes this off, Richards exclaims, 'That's the girl they found frozen in the ice." Between them, Jeffrey and the lieutenant work out the theory that the portrait was stolen to 'make a ringer' for the dead Miss Meredith so that the spiritualists might impose on the credulity of the wealthy and eccentric aunt. After the murder of the substitute girl, the fakers took fright and painted over the picture in order to hide it. A Japanese post card sent to Jeffrey's valet Togo, supposed to be in league with the gang, is found to contain their new address. Gwendolyn goes to consult the clairvoyant, who admits herself a medium, but says she fears the police. A seance is held at Gwendolyn's house, where the medium, terrified by the sight of an unplanned manifestation—the murdered girl—screams and faints. An unknown man rushes to her aid and asks her, "What was Irene Fournier to you?" While in the next room, Gwendolyn explains the trick—the use of an irridium mirror—the man, who turns out to be the medium's husband has an opportunity to talk with his wife. A sudden shot summons the police. The woman says she has fired on her husband, and then tells how Irene Fournier lived in their house, became their confederate, discovered Miss Meredith, assisted in producing a telling materialization, but was unable to induce the client to return. Irene then disappeared, while the husband was away from home. The medium concludes with the words, "I knew her," which Richards accepts, but Jeffrey will not believe. A week later the lieutenant turns up asking the latter's help since the medium has established an alibi. Jeffrey has been to Beech Hill, Miss Meredith's country place. On the way up in the boat he passed a sleepless night owing to a seemingly crazy woman and her nurse in the next stateroom. Arrived at his destination a stage driver told him of Claire Meredith's mother, a Normandy peasant girl who was cut by her husband's family and died as a result of it. Claire was brought up under the iron rule of her aunt. Jeffrey had poked around the grounds alone, discovered the boathouse open and a skiff on its side with its painter cut, had imagined a picture wherein the murderer towed the body out into the river and then severed the line. He had afterward rung the bell at Beech Hill, met Miss Meredith, a stately, fascinating old lady who told him she had been wanting to see him all along but Dr Crow had made him out a hermit. Having invited him to lunch, Miss Meredith left him to Miss Martin, her companion, who countermanded the order in the doctor's name. Jeffrey saw again a baby raccoon which had waked him on the boat, thus establishing the identity of Miss Meredith and Miss Martin with the occupants of the next stateroom. He remembered the crazy voice which repeated over and over, "She's dead! I killed her with a pin!" While telling all this to Drew at the latter's office, late at night, the two men are interrupted by a knock. Dr Crow enters, tells Jeffrey of his first meeting with Miss Meredith, his opinion that she was insane, and his treatment of her, which included substituting a clear print for a pin-pricked photo of Claire which his patient had mocked after the manner of the Salem witches. Claire's death by smallpox had caused her aunt to believe herself responsible and had unhinged her mind, but the new photo made her think it all a dream. Then the spiritualists got hold of her and upset everything. Crow finishes his narration. Just before he leaves his face changes suddenly. Jeffrey tells Drew that, 'Crow has seen it,' and that to-night the two conspirators must go to Beech Hill and commit a burglary. Gwendolyn and Jack come with them. On the way out to the house the occupants of what seems to Drew a closed limousine pass them. He recognizes Dr Crow and the dead girl. Arrived at Beech Hill Drew and Jeffrey slip past two unknown guards and enter the lighted but apparently deserted house.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

There wasn't room for both of us in there, and I had no idea what he could find to interest him, so I waited in the bay-window. The lightning was now almost continuous and there was an occasional mutter of thunder along with it. The storm, which the dead stillness of an hour ago had prophesied, was getting near enough to be reckoned with. And, on the whole, I wasn't sorry. Anything would be better than that breathless silence out-of-doors.

What small comfort I got out of that was presently neutralized, though, by what I saw out on the lawn in the instantaneous illumination of a vivid lightning-flash. Just a silhouette of a man crouching tense behind the trunk of a big tree. He wasn't watching the house. He was turned in the other direction. There were many watchers abroad to-night, and some of the watchers were watched. The glimpse of that crouching figure gave me a bad moment of panic, but Jeffrey's

voice just then put me back on my feet.

"Come along, Drew," he said. "We're getting warm."

The flash of his torch showed me the way into his closet. Jeffrey crowded back against the side-wall to let me pass. And then I saw that behind the garments that hung from the hooks, screening it like a curtain, was a low, narrow door, opening back.

"Go in," said Jeffrey. "It's all right."

It took me a minute to see where we were. Then I made out a long passage of level flooring on the right, leading in a curve around a swelling dome of lath and plaster that looked like an enormous tomb.

"That's the vaulting to the ceiling of the room below," said Jeffrey. "I suppose it's the dining-room. Better let me lead, I guess."

He was excited and triumphant. Not so much, I thought, over finding the secret doorway at the bottom of the closet, but by what the tracks on the floor and the little chips of plaster seemed to be telling him.

We had circled half way around the dome when he stopped short and confidently opened another door. I heard him give a little gasp when he got inside and squeezed through quickly beside him. He closed the door behind us.

It was an extraordinary room—not more than seven feet wide and fully thirty long, so that I should have thought of it as a corridor had not the furniture, ranged in a row along one of the walls, declared plainly enough that some one had lived there. There was a narrow bed, a dressing-table, a chiffonier and, further along, a row of bare hooks, screwed into the wall at uneven intervals.

An exclamation from Jeffrey attracted my attention to the lighting-arrangements. There were no regular electric fixtures, but from a hole in the ceiling a wire hung down a little beyond the dressing-table ,and on the end of it was a double socket, with two high candle-power lamps.

"They wanted light up here and plenty of it," said Jeffrey.

"But where are the windows?" I exclaimed.

There were no windows. Instead there was a long, narrow skylight, and the carpentry of it was as rough and slovenly as that which had put up the clothes-hooks and dangled that unprotected electric cord through a hole in the ceiling.

Jeffrey sat down on the low chair in front of the dressing-table, laid down his electric bull's eye, and pulled open the one shallow drawer. What he found there struck me as trivial enough, but it seemed to interest him mightily—a well-used powder-puff and a box of rice-powder.

"A girl would have to be a pretty decided blonde, Drew," he observed, "to put on powder of that color and not have it show."

"Jeffrey," said I quickly, "let's get out of here. I can't stand this room. I don't know why, but there's something sinister about it."

He looked round from the table and nodded at me soberly. "It is sinister," he assented. "It's ghastly. But we're not through yet."

"What is it?" I demanded. "What is it that I feel in here? I haven't any extra sense for things."

"In the first place," said Jeffrey, "it's a concealed room. That accounts for the shape of it—that accounts for the skylight. And it's a concealed room that's been used, Drew. Somebody lived here a good, long while — unknown to the servants — unknown, I imagine, to the mistress of the house herself. Some one has lived here, and if I am not mistaken"—he hesitated a second, then let me have the full value of the words—"if I'm not mistaken, died here, Drew."

We climbed down from the open window, using a perilous tree-limb or two

He got up, with a little shiver, from the dressing-table, carrying the bull's-eye with him, and walked to the other end of the room—the end we had not come in by.

Under the strong rays of light even I could see from where I stood that there was another door there, though there was no latch nor frame—just a frayed, soiled outline upon the wall-paper. Jeffrey turned around and leaned back against it, his face wearing a puzzled, thoughtful frown. His eyes were fixed all the time on the dressing-table and the wall behind it. Then his gaze went to the electric wire.

"Nothing's quite right in this room, Drew," he said. "Why isn't that dressing mirror under the light, where it would shine on both sides of the face? Come! Let's put things tidy. Catch hold."

Already he was at one end of the dressing-table. I took the other and we lifted it along to its proper position just under the electric light.

"Ah!" said Jeffrey. In a flash he had out his knife and was digging away at a small hole in the plaster behind where the mirror had been.

I watched him in silence. His look was triumphant enough now. In another minute he had dug something out of the joist in the wall and was holding it out in his palm to me. It was a small, slightly flattened revolver-bullet.

"Jeffrey," I gasped, "do you work miracles? How did you know that was there?"

"Look at the chip broken off the corner of the mirror," said Jeffrey. "The bullet did that. You can see the shape of it. The bullet must have gone somewhere. If the shot had been fired from the other direction it would have gone on and smashed the mirror. If it had been fired by a person who had just come in by that door where I was standing, and aimed at a person sitting on that stool before the dressing-table, it must have gone on into the wall. There's nothing difficult about that. But—Drew, let me see that bullet again."

I handed it back to him. He looked at it now with an incredulous frown. And then, to my amazement, clenched his hands with a gesture of absolute perplexity.

"Always the contradiction!" he said. "Always the one contradiction. I thought I had it. But I'm wrong again. Drew, I'm going to see this thing through if it takes the rest of my life. I'm going to find out what really happened in this house on the night of the nineteenth of December."

"But, Jeffrey," I expostulated, "what more could you want? What more could you hope for than what you've got already?"

"That bullet," he said. "It isn't the right caliber, Drew."

Then suddenly he switched off his light and clutched my arm tightly. "Listen!" he said.

For a breathless moment of silence there was nothing. Then there came to my ears what he had heard before—distant, muffled, as if from a long way off, the sound of running feet. The footsteps were those of a man—a heavy man. The sound of them grew louder and then fainter again. The man had run down one of the corridors, fleeing in terror from something. The footsteps stopped abruptly, then almost instantly went on again running. But now they were growing louder.

"He's coming back," I whispered.

"He's lost," said Jeffrey. "He has lost his way."

And then, with a sudden sweep of his arm, he caught me and crowded me back against the wall. The fugitive was coming straight toward the hidden chamber. Was the pursuer coming, too?

A long flicker of lightning whitened the skylight and gave me a glimpse of Jeffrey's face—tense, the eyes blazing with expectancy. Then came the dark once more. But only for a moment. The door at the far end of the room burst open as if some one had run blindly into it, and at that moment a great crevice of white flame opened in the sky and for nearly a second the room blazed with light.

The man at the door staggered in, his face whiter than the mass of bandages wrapped around his neck, his eyes staring in maniacal terror. But what fixed my own horrified stare more than the terror in the man's eyes was a sudden red stain that I saw come through the bandages. The outcry he gave was swallowed in the crash of thunder that followed the lightning-flash. Then, in the blacker dark that swallowed him up we heard his limp body thud upon the floor. The door behind me creaked on its hinges.

Such was the fugitive. What had been the pursuer?

CHAPTER XVII.

THE THIRD CONFESSION.

Jeffrey was moving in the dark, and in a moment I heard the door pulled shut again.

"It's all right," he said quietly. "But apparently it's up to us to get the poor chap out of here."

"Who do you mean?" I whispered.

"Barton," said Jeffrey. "Didn't you recognize him?" He flashed on his torch and I stared at the inert man on the floor. "He did look pretty wild," he went on. "I don't know that I'd have spotted him myself if it hadn't been for the bandages. Then I half expected we might find him here."

We were both bending over the prostrate man now. He was unconscious—white as death and, with the growing smudge of red on the bandages ghastly.

"It's the wound his wife gave him," said Jeffrey. "He's broken it open again, and I don't wonder."

It wasn't a very serious hemorrhage, though. The smudge wasn't growing very fast, and the man seemed to have a lot of vitality. Already he was showing signs of coming back to consciousness.

"What was it that frightened him, Jeffrey?" I asked. "What was he running away from, do you know?"

"Spooks, like enough," said Jeffrey easily. "They'll hardly trouble us. But what's really after him may prove a handful for us. We've got to get him out of here, Drew. He can tell us more about what happened in this house that other night than I supposed he could when we came here. And if Richards once gets his hands on him we'll never know what it is he has to tell. We've got to get him out of here and into that hotel room at Oldborough, and the sooner we get about it the better. Wait a minute!"

He pulled a small silver flask out of his pocket and handed it to me. "Give him a little of that," he said.

With the first drop of the brandy that passed his lips Barton's eyelids trembled, then opened a little and I found him looking at me with an unseeing stare.

"It was her face," he said. "Did she follow you, too?" Then rousing a little more, he frowned at me as though I were not the one he expected. "Where am I?" he whispered. "And who are you?"

"You're all right," Jeffrey whispered, coming up with a pillow. "We're friends. We're going to get you out of here."

"Then I *am* here," he said with a shudder.

"In the Beech Hill house?" said Jeffrey. "Oh, yes, but you won't be long. We're friends, I tell you. You've nothing to worry about. Drink some more of the brandy and then we'll see if you can go on your own pins."

There was another flare of lightning and a crash of thunder, and this time it was followed by a roar of rain upon the skylight. The sound seemed to horrify Barton anew to the very verge of panic.

"Make it stop. I can't stand that noise."

Jeffrey nodded assent to my look of inquiry and, each of us taking an arm,

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LOVE AND THE WAR.

THERE is only one driving force in the world that can build up without at the same time tearing down. And that is love.

A fortune may be raked together through avarice; but it shrivels the raker and poisons his family. A position may be attained through ambition; but at the end, "man that is in honor and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish."

Finally, a war may be won through hate; but the winners in such a conflict will turn and gnaw each other.

The man who goes to the Front "to kill the Kaiser", "to bring those damned Germans down," "to get even for the Lusitania" will be shooting boomerang bullets.

If I had been brought up in Berlin within sight of the Emperor's flock of white automobiles—if Bismarck had been my childhood's hero with his chromoed head in my nursery—if the Kultur-cult had been the neo-religion of my mother and militarism the pseudo-politics of my father—what would I be? A German of course, a Kaiser-lauding, Bismarck-following, Kultur-worshipping Berliner. Just as the Zanzibar savage is a Zanzibar savage and the son of wolves is a wolf. I'm not so much better than my 'cross-the-street neighbor in Canucktown that I could count on rising superior to public sentiment anywhere.

But Germany must be beaten? Assuredly. The mad dog has to be shot. But we ought to be sorry for the shivering, wild-eyed, gaunt little beast. And when we get him, we needn't exult over his carcase.

God had to punish a world once, a great wicked sin-mad world.

"And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually—and it grieved Him at His heart."

I think that is one of the most extraordinary statements in the Bible—God, *grieving*. And it is the only thing that makes rational the knowledge of God punishing.

And do you know, we can't punish, we must never try to punish, until the thought of it grieves us at our heart?

The guilt of a stranger kills our liking for him perhaps. The guilt of a friend kindles our love. For the need of love is to be needed, and the more a man's misfortunes are his own fault, the more he is to be pitied and to be loved up out of them.

Love is the one blinding, devastating, recreating experience of life. Love is no love until it places the well-being of the loved one above its own well-being—until it is willing to endure pain and slight and hardship deliberately planned, and, cruelest of all, utter misunderstanding and desertion, in order that the loved one may sometime come to redemption. Love has no rights; it has only need of giving.

A patriot is a man who so loves his country? A saint is one who so loves his God? Yes, but a patriot mustn't bound Canada by the three oceans and the Forty-Ninth parallel of latitude. A patriot's land is all lands. A patriot must dream of the day when out of blackened and smoking Europe, the dim figures of blood-drenched and bewildered foes will cast themselves on the sundering sea to drift to new lands.

And a Christian, if he is to love his God fully, must also love his Father's other children—the sinning children, the mistaken children, who must pay for their sin. And when to him is committed the stern and terrible task of punishing, if he is to save his own soul, he must first love

A STORY FOR LIFE.

OUR big brother *Life* has just held a competition based on the question, "How short may a story be and still be a short story?" Every author whose tale was purchased for publication received ten cents a word for all the words (up to fifteen hundred) that he didn't write. Condensation in the story thus produced in direct ratio, inflation in the paycheck.

To my way of thinking, the most stimulating little yarn-suggester, the most compressed compendium of human-interest stuff that comes into this office is "The Monthly Report of the Department of Public Health of the City of Toronto," the August number of which is just in.

Take this for the cold statement of breathless battle:

General Death Rate Per 1000 Population Per Annum
Av. for last 10 years for August...14.6
August 1914.....10.8
August 1915.....10.1

Your first observation is, that it's on the decrease.

Then you remember how Toronto has grown and thickened in its downtown districts, and you think the decrease is very creditable.

Last of all, you consider the 1915 economic difficulties presented by war conditions and you realize that it's quite remarkable.

But even then you don't understand. You can't appreciate the ceaseless vigilance, the relentless pursuit of the fly on the fruit, the germ in the infected house, the B. Coli in the water, the dirt in the milk, and the vile and contaminating wrong theory in the brain of the human.

You can't see all these things unless you've talked with the M. H. O. in his big busy ground floor office, the laboratory man up in the City Hall attic, and the Public Health nurse, smiling at you over the top of her perpetual-motion phone. Even then you don't know the tenth part of the activities that ray out from these offices unless you've followed the sanitary inspectors and the nurses on their rounds

"With a well-organized Department of Public Health, a Municipality may have as much health as it is willing to pay for," the Report asserts on its cover. And when you look back over the year's work you discover that Toronto had a lower death rate in 1914 than any other large city in America or the United Kingdom, with itself of 1913 as its nearest competitor.

And yet, as you see, the forces weren't satisfied to leave it at that. Nineteen Fifteen must carry a few thousand yards more of the trenches of Death.

The secret of it all is in the theory taught by the head of the Department.

"If a crime occurs in a neighborhood, the police are not only held responsible for catching the criminal," Dr. Hastings tells you, "but they're supposed to prevent a recurrence of the incident. In my opinion, the Health Department ought to be held similarly responsible

for every death from preventable causes."

The Public Health nurses now have 5,978 homes under supervision, with 7,002 patients. Three hundred and twenty-six of these cases are expectant mothers, each of whom is being trained to care for her baby. When the new little Torontonian arrives, the mother will be urged to nurse him herself, but if circumstances forbid this, she may get milk from any one of five depots where the food is prepared free. Free advice is also given her at the Well Baby Clinic nearest her home, and free approbation if she does her duty. That the system works is proved by the italicized shout of triumph with which the Report states that "*The number of deaths of infants under one year of age was* 154 *as compared with* 165 *in August of* 1914, *and* 301 *in August*, 1913. *Although the improvement over last year is only seven per cent., that over August of the previous year amounts to* 50 *per cent.*"

You can imagine the nurses all throwing up their caps, and even the M. H. O. unfurling a smile of grim approval for his troops. But he won't let them stop there. Not he. When the next Monthly Report comes in, I know I'll find a still further decrease. But I can hardly wait to get it out of its envelope to see just what the decrease will be!

TWENTY-TWO LAUGHING

MERVYN has sorta misty-black hair around her little dark gypsy face. She has eyes that laugh so much that you have to look twice to make sure they aren't twinkle-star color instead of brown. And she has the youngest and most infectious giggle you ever heard in your blasé life.

When Mervyn shuts her wings and settles down on a subject she can get it nailed to the mast in short order. But it takes a holiday in prospect or the boss expected back to make her do it. In the main she's as flutter-minded as a humming bird.

She's wandering down the Avenue arm in arm with the Pedlar whom for some odd and delicious reason she favors with the friendship and the youth of her. Like as not they're discussing Lloyd George or Willliam Jennings Bygone. That is, the Pedlar is discussing. Mervyn's eyes are wandering from the lemon silk stockings of the lady approaching, to the latest lines of Reggie de Swift's latest car, rapidly Klaxoning itself around the corner.

"Oh Pedlar, don't you just lo-ove it!" she bubbles all of a sudden, side-darting the astonished discusser up in front of a window filled with the latest Frenchinesses, that must be evening gowns because they're on beautiful wax window-ladies, but that haven't waists to speak of above the waist-line nor skirts to look at below the knee-line.

The Pedlar knows enough to chuck W. J. B. into the subcellar he deserves, and concentrate on the autumn-grey dream that they don't dare price-ticket.

"And that green suit—aren't the slanting button-holes just *cutey?* And look how the pockets go on over the belt. Oh Pedlar, I'm just *mad* about it!"

No comment is necessary. None is expected. For by this time Mervyn's gaze is concentrated like a diamond drill on the very ne-plus-ultra shoes you ever saw, peeking around from the seductive next window.

"I must have a pair, oh Pedlar, dear, I just gotta!" Mervyn moans. The moan is admiration mixed with a little uncertainty whether to have them put on Aunt Margaret's charge account or pay for them now, trusting to Uncle Dick and the future.

Once within the sacred precincts it becomes increasingly difficult to detach Mervyn from the clothes-line. Ten to one she buys the dearest hat—oh, Pedlar, why it's only *seven-ninety-five!* Who ever *heard* of selling such a da-andy for seven ninety-five? It would be wicked to let it go. Don't you think so?

Certainly. Of course. Mervyn has opened her eyes and shaken the tree of her laughter till all the little lilting leaves sing together. Mervyn is just twenty two and she has a fund of scorn that she loves to heap on the saver.

"Mervyn," says the Pedlar, trying to squeeze his mind round to reasonableness, "how many hats did you have this summer? There was that grey felt you got in August and——"

"Oh and the big white one, but that's just a dress hat—you *have* to have a dress hat Pedlar dear, unless you want to die—and the little three cornered black one and the old brown sailor thing—and—and—well of course there was that silk one, but that was away back in the middle ages, about Easter."

"Five," says the Pedlar inexorably, "Mervyn dear, is it wise?"

"Oh no," acknowledges the serene culprit, "but it's fun."

When Mervyn goes to lunch—without the Pedlar—she economizes. "Cherry pie and coffee, that's every single thing I want," she declares to Isabel of the quiet eyes and the business-manner, "but I just can't go to a cheap place where they throw things at you! Sometime I will you know, when it isn't so hot—only it mustn't be winter because then there's no ventilation."

Arrived at close quarters with the menu, Mervyn changes the cherry pie for ginger bread, hot (with lots of butter [illegible] and [illegible] of the waitress [illegible] with a [illegible] Isabel suggests [illegible] asparagus which is [illegible] and then to [illegible] ridiculous considering the [illegible]

To-morrow [illegible] Mervyn after the [illegible] "To-morrow I'm going to [illegible], and I'll [illegible] old fashioned hot meal. Now [illegible] grin Isabel, I mean it you horrid thing!"

Once again the brave al dente [illegible] sun burn and the man with the [illegible] hair and the tired eyes and [illegible] enough to buy the whole [illegible] for everybody in the building, turns to watch twenty-two laughing.

THE COAXING BACK OF DOLLY

DOLLY didn't want to get better. She was a very sick girl indeed, so sick that nothing seemed desirable but to be let alone. The [illegible] mare of the last few weeks [illegible] like a cloud over her [illegible] need of her but mother's fearful visits to the hushed room the awed faces of her little boys nothing could call her back.

Sometimes her eyes were closed the long lashes motionless against the waxen face. More often they were wide and dark, the brain behind them too indolent, too exhausted perhaps too unawake mentally to do their part in laboredly count again and again the rods at the bottom of her white hospital bed.

As strength returned, the mind lay dormant still—a wheel uncogged and useless in this rushing world a log of unrelated driftwood on the moving deep of man's affairs. Why was she called back, she who had gone so far on that wide sea that life meant nothing but a dim string of huts and [illegible] mouth, glimpsed in some storm driven moment years ago?

She would sleep.

The doctor was frankly puzzled. Medicine would do nothing. Love didn't avail. Even the sight of the pale sky and the thin-armed trees through the window brought no life-desire. It was autumn, and nature herself was dying, listless and content.

Among the things in the suit case sent from home, the nurse had found a soft pink negligee—a thing so dainty, fresh of tone, so frail, so made of Jack Frost lace and rose petals, that all the woman's heart under the big white apron bib went out to it.

And then—

Yes, she could have an hour off right now, since her best friend relieved her. Yes, she could go down town. And here she was, matching the color of the lovely thing in wide soft ribbon at the department store, then back again,

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This season we bring out a new large package of Quaker Oats. It is a round package, insect-proof. A [illegible]anent top protects it until the last flake is used. This package contains [illegible] coupons with a merchandise value of 4c. Ask for it—price 25c. We [illegible] large 30c package with china. Also our 10c package.

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See how big are the flakes. You can see that each is a queen grain rolled.

Note what that means. Every puny grain, deficient in flavor, is discarded in this brand.

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You would surely pick out such flakes if you saw the open box. But we promise you will always get them when you ask for Quaker Oats. And they'll cost no extra price.

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Queen Oats Only—Luscious Flakes

These things are all done with one object—to multiply oat lovers. To make this dish, as it should be, the welcome daily staple.

Oats are the vim-food. Their spirit-giving power is proverbial. They are rich in rare elements. And like energy value derived from meat may cost twenty times as much.

For all these reasons you want your folks to like oats. Then supply these luscious flakes cooked in this perfect way. It calls for no extra effort and no extra cost.

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We are offering many premiums to Quaker Oat users, in Silverware, Jewelry and Aluminum Utensils. See folder in each package. We insert one coupon in the 10c package and two in the 25c round package. Each coupon has a merchandise value of 2c to apply on the premiums wanted.

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Peterborough, Ont. **Saskatoon, Sask.**

(1110)

caught with the rushing splendor of her big idea.

Feebly Dolly demurred at being dressed, but there was no great resistance in her. Even when the nurse combed out the lovely lustrous hair, crossed the thick braids over her head, and tied them like a child's, all she did was frown a little.

But when at last the bureau was wheeled so that the glass came opposite the foot of the bed, and she could see in its depths a strange figure with puffs of rose ribbon over her ears and a rose-mist negligee against the white of the pillows, very fearfully the nurse stood aside to see what Dolly's soul caught back from the wide spaces of eternity, would have to say to this so earthly loveliness.

The big dark eyes gazed long and earnestly, and then she smiled, a slow, pleased glimmer of her old sunshiny self, and a faint color flushed into her face.

"I wish—has—Jack been in to-day?" she asked the nurse.

The strangest thing of all was that the idea leaped from nurse to nurse, till down the corridor the doors stood wide. The cancer case wore blue, the little operation lady bloomed forth in corn color, and even gran'ma who would never walk again, wore puffs of mauve behind her ears and a cream negligee, the prettiest of them all.

The nurses came and went with quicker steps. The very man who polished floors caught the subdued excitement of the place.

The woman who hadn't been up in eight weeks was to be wheeled in to call on her neighbor who hadn't been seen for ten!

The doctors couldn't understand, of course, since they were men, but the nurses knew that the dear spirit of beauty, under whose fingers grow the lovely things that women find so sweet, had fluttered into that grim ward. Where duty could not drive the vagrant soul to earth again, the sight of pretty things, with sheer inconsequence, sheer springtime gayety of loveliness, had coaxed it home.

Wooing That Failed

Continued from page 30.

against the United States the "Bulletin" contains, and the first accusation that the people of the United States have ever heard that they are "degrading civilization" when they differ from German notions.

The most insulting part of this whole rigmarole is the nasty slap at the President of the United States. "There is a vast difference between a well trained animal and a rational human being. Many imagine civilization and refine-

ment consists in certain stereotyped manners, refined small talk or imitating a canary, to humor the sensual imagination. This may humor refined sensuality, upon which present day worldly culture and civilization has built its 'Air Castles,' but this is not civility. When referring to Civilization, the worldly parts is meant, which owing to its gentile viciousness and hypocrisy, has driven sincerity and real civilization out of the world, without a voice in the world." Now who can put on that shoe with the least effort, the German Kaiser, or the President of the United States?

"To this class, a stereotyped lot of phrases and a smattering of learning, calls for a diploma, which spells 'Education' and means finished, or nothing more to learn. It means hanging up the receiver, ringing off, and shutting up like a clam, in their own self sufficiency. Such men imagine they have a right to believe what they like to believe, regardless of the truth, and then force their false views on others." A little glimspe at the character of Weinschenk, and those supporting him.

"Learning a lot of stereotyped stuff based on fiction instead of facts and calling it 'Education,' probably caused that American to use the expression 'there is no such a d——fool, as an educated fool.' Ringing off and hanging up the receiver after getting a diploma, shuts men off from the original source of reasoning and original ideas, and consequently, from progressing along with the world." It seems a pity that lese-majesty must proceed to an unconscionable point in the United States before much notice is taken of it.

Always, throughout every "Bulletin" the author comes back to the hatred of the British, and an endeavor to stir up prejudice against everything connected with them. "While the American character should be of the New World," he goes on to say, "and thoroughly different from what has been described, it is, nevertheless, a fact that the principal instruments in control of this country have aped European Royalty and inherited the disease described"—the unhappy state of being a damned fool is the probable meaning of the sentence. "They are at the top by swelling up, and are holding themselves there by the use of humble people's money." The British have inflated themselves, he would have you understand, and are floating around in the air in the United States like a lot of toy balloons. "Such men do not require Christianity, for Civilization, but desire an imitation, something that will reconcile an impossibility, God and Mammon, or God and injustice." Or the doctrine of "Me und Gott!" "They have as little knowledge of what constitutes peace, as they have knowledge of Christmas and its meaning. They know as much about Christmas and peace as they know about Christ the Prince of Peace, of Whom they know little or nothing."

The constant dragging in of the names of God and Christ is one of the disgusting things about the "Bulletins." If the German Government is well informed concerning the teachings of Christ there is little evidence of the fact. And just how far do the teachings of Christ apply to the actions of the German Government during the past year? That is a fair question. If that Government is attempting to justify its course by following any of the teachings of the Jesus Christ English-speaking nations know, just where between the covers of the Holy Writ can

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SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE

By WINFIELD SCOTT HALL, Ph.D., M.D.

[illegible]

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the remarkable justification be found? That is another fair question.

"If these men sought spiritual advice in regard to peace," the "Bulletin" goes on, "they would undoubtedly turn to that 'steel magnate' or 'hardware dealer,' the peace manipulator for the British 'supreme ruler.' It is no trouble for these hypocrites to pretend favoring peace, and at the same time uphold war, by furnishing munitions of War to the principal factor responsible for War." A nice idea of neutrality it would be in view of this: "The British elements have increased their business by furnishing munitions of War, but the more they thus increase their business, the longer will the war last and honest business men of the country suffer," winding up with this yelp of the kicked cur: "Why does not the government take control of institutions violating neutrality; for violating neutrality endangers the country's safety—" a meant to be hidden threat. "It should be borne in mind that Providence had only supplied the European power liberating the masses—" Germany, by inference— "with sufficient resources to accomplish the work." Withdrawing supplies from the Allies while Germany has plenty of her own would be expressing neutrality to the nth degree! It would be equivalent to opening the door and letting German armies with their "sufficient resources" walk in and commit such depredations as they pleased—and the honor of women if nothing else forbids. Yet that is what Germany has been trying to force the United States to do. Yankee ideas of civilization may be infantile, but they are decidedly not imbecile. "Not alone this, but violating neutrality—" according to German notions—"and aiding one factor, is instrumental in prolonging the viciousness of war and wholesale murder," an appeal with two horns to tender hearted folks. "When the power doing the liberating —" Germany again, by inference— "has gone to the limit in sacrifices, without enforcing the right solution, the penalty will fall on the principal obstructor—" the United States. "The evil done will re-act on the country and those in responsible positions and guilty must be held accountable." To whom? If Germany has "sufficient resources" to do what it set out to do, why the suggestion of a possible failure? The author had better hitch his ideas a little closer together; they are pulling against one another.

But to get back to these Britishers against whom Weinschenk is so industriously warning the United States. He says: "The country is largely in control of just such men as described. What does this signify?" Now he slips in another very plain threat.

"Those capable of seeing farther than to the end of their nose, can see that unless conservative men will take matters more firmly in hand, it means war for this country." And another little slap at the President: "Cowardice and dishonesty are leading up to this It is not alone what is done, that is likely to get this country in trouble, but what is shirked or done out of order and due time. Where one consistent act is done to solve matters, several underhanded schemes are invented and carried out to protect what they consider their private rights. Any interest conflicting with the general welfare of the country can and must not be considered as private rights or interests." In other words, shut off all supplies to England, smile at the wholesale murder of American citizens upon the high seas; give "Me und Gott und mine friends" our chance, and the Germanization of America will come quick enough. It is common talk in the German-American neighborhoods of Yankee cities that the victorious German armies are to be sent to Canada at the close of the war in Europe. That country is to be trounced into submission to form a base for the operations of the army that will annex the United States to the German Empire.

"It is highly important for conservative Americans to decide upon the right course, and act with the firmness necessary," continues the advisor "While the country has suffered much it is but a 'drop in the bucket' compared to what will befall it, if disaster is called down upon the Country, owing to acts or omissions, of those in control." The country is evidently to be punished as well as annexed when Canada becomes a German possession. Then back to the British again: "As the big British interests conflict with the people's interests, it can be seen that neither harmony nor charity can exist between the common people and those upholding and operating the system. How do they overcome this condition and continue the system? Simply by poisoning the minds of a lot of unthinking poor and non-Christians against Christians and the Church." Another yelp from the kicked cur. German pride? It might once have been an element in the German makeup, but it evidently failed to appreciate the company, and took its departure "What can these manipulators expect as a reward?" is the speculation It i answered by: "Their reward lies in such honor as these poor dupes have to offer, providing that it can be called 'honor,' where it is obtained by impos ing on the public, and resorting to the most malicious deceptions." German truth regarding its own actions. "By this means they have succeeded in working themselves near the top and head

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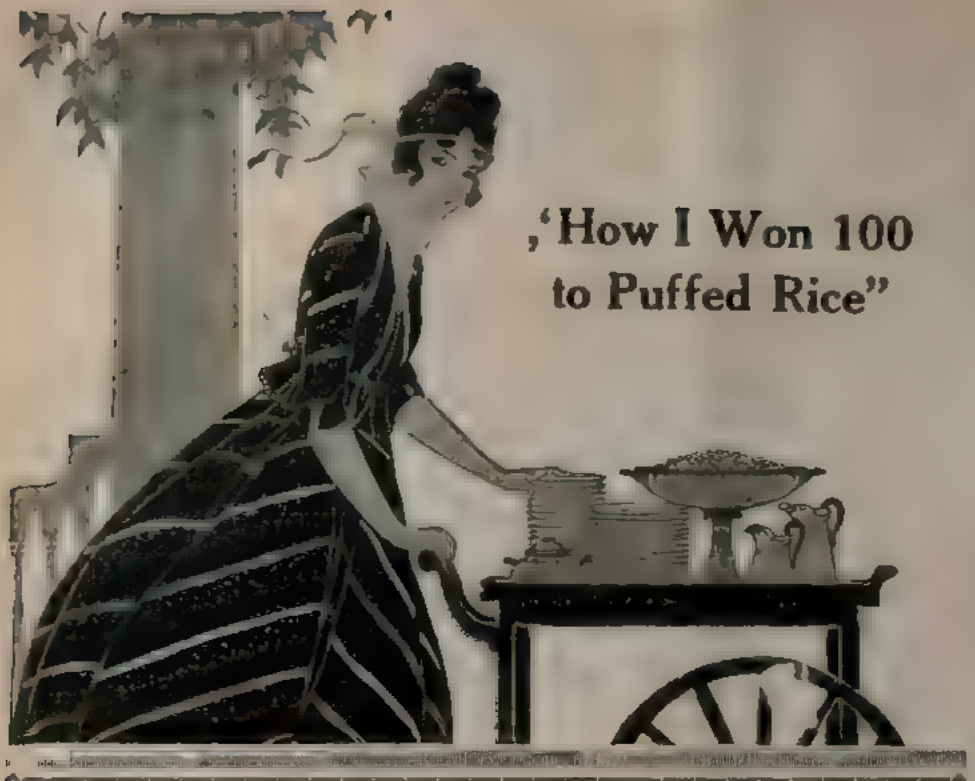

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Some months ago we asked users of Puffed Rice to tell us how best to win others. One woman answers this way:

> "Invite in the children to Sunday suppers, and serve them Puffed Grains in milk. I did that this summer in my country home, and it won them all. I think I created 100 new users."

That is a sure way. One breakfast of Puffed Rice with cream will win all the children who taste it. Or one supper of Puffed Wheat in milk.

Have One Puffed Grain Day

So we now urge this, for the sake of all concerned: Get one package of one Puffed Grain. Serve it as a breakfast cereal, or mixed with the morning fruit. Salt some grains or douse with melted butter for the children after school. And at night serve in bowls of milk.

Let your folks see these toasted whole-grain bubbles. Let them feel their fragile crispness. Let them taste their flavor—much like toasted nuts. You will find that you've established forever in your home a new kind of food and confection. And these tit-bits will reign at a thousand meals, to everyone's delight.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
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Except in Extreme West

Bear in mind that Puffed Grains, though, are not mere cereal bonbons. They were invented by a great food expert—Prof. A. P. Anderson. And they have solved a problem never solved before.

Every food cell is blasted by steam explosion. So every atom of the whole grain feeds. Every element is made completely available. Ordinary cooking can't do that. It breaks up but part of the granules.

Every mother may well be glad if her children learn to revel in Puffed Grains.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers
Peterborough, Ont. **Saskatoon, Sask.**

of the table where a gluttonous King sits as toastmaster," slapping the British, and in the next sentence forecasting a delightful future for the Kaiser and his followers: "What can these men expect at the end, as their reward, but to share the company of those th y misled and hear their cries of despair and howling curses for eternity."

Just what portion of the citizenship of the United States is meant by the following is not made clear: "By the 'Pie Counter' brigade much ado is made over the fact that the country is not at War; it is consequently considered at peace. What kind of peace and for whom? It is certainly not for the poor, or for Christians who are persecuted, 'in this land of the free, and the home of the brave' (moral cowards) nor has any relief been brought to the business interests of the country." Let that part of the sentence, " 'in this land of the free, and the home of the brave' (moral cowards)" sink into *your* mind. Does it seem that any sane man trying to win support for his cause would use the expression in cold type? That is an example of German finesse—or what Germans consider finesse. Somebody scratched the hide of German *kultur*, and the real thing came to the surface. And can it be that Weinschenk is gifted with the power of clairvoyance, and foresaw that the interned crew of one of the German sea raiders would conduct themselves in such a manner as to call down the hatred of the Virginia sea coast farmers? And would cause the farmers of that section to invoke the aid of American courts to compel German sea outlaws to observe the most elementary decencies of civilized life? Persecution? Well, it depends, of course, on the way one looks at it. One little question? Why waste good German money trying to win the support of " 'brave (moral cowards)? "

Just one more warning in this same "Bulletin." "The quest on for this country to consider is will it play its part as a leader without disaster overtaking the country? By this is not meant to follow or be driven, but with open eyes observe the 'handwriting on the wall' and act in time and in due order in line with Provident al indications." In other words, follow the dictates of "Me und Gott," or take the consequence.

This is the sort of stuff sent out to American editors week after week, and which they were to gratefully publish. Is it any wonder that the accuracy of editorial wastebasket aim has reached a high degree of perfection in that country? And, remember, this stuff was written by a German for Germany, and sent out in the hope of creating pro-German sympathy in the United States.

Cynthia

Continued from page 12

been since the world was, a single bugle lifted up its voice.

"New day! New day! Sometime, somewhere, new day!"

Then a man who had been leaning weakly against the cross, turned.

"Why Bob," said Cynthia softly.

She came to him with her arms outstretched, marvelling to see such haunted eyes, such pallor, in the dead who should be at rest.

"You came?" he asked wonderingly," you came after all?"

"Of course," said Cynthia with a little happy laugh, "God made me to come to you."

Then all the guns in all the world spoke at once. This little wedge of torn field was the predestined cockpit of the ages. Five thousand black fingers of death were trained across a barren mile, five thousand shells screamed Hun-ward, together. The surplus of six months' fevered production in the munition factories was to be hurled against the German front, at this, the key-section of the line—— *to-day*!

A khaki column tumbled up from behind the hill, the men mad with joy. Most of them would fall doubtless, but they would go out smiling, knowing that "Deutschland uber alles" was the most colossal miscalculation of history.

But Cynthia was past caring. She lay in the rude dugout where Bob had been sheltered all these weary months by the two old peasants who had found him after the Bosches had dynamited the Canucks' trench and he had been blown into a field and left for dead. He had been delirious so long, just from the unthinkable shock that had torn all the muscles loose from his bones. Three times he had recovered enough to send messages across the sea but no word had come and he had thought her dead.

"Now she recovers," said the fat Frenchwoman, "see, she sits up."

Very carefully they turned their backs, these two untutored gentlefolk, that they might not profane the sanctuary with their gaze.

"And they kept you, all these months?" Cynthia asked at last, "oh make her come here till I thank her!"

Bob translated. The Frenchwoman smiled though she very nearly cried because the little one was so lovely despite her haunted look. When it came to her turn to speak however, she didn't need an interpreter. She just pointed to her visitor's wedding ring, then to Bob, then to the old, gnarled, incredibly feeble figure who smiled behind her. She knew what love was. That was reason enough.

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The Trenches of Yesterday

Continued from page 15

winged monoplanes and in the next my attention was caught by the bubble-like irridescence of a gardenful of glass bells which protected the young plants beneath and reflected the golden glory of the late sunlight. Now we passed a train full of horses and dark-skinned soldiers, all huddled in box cars together, and in another moment I was marvelling at the tender greens of the planted fields.

In the same compartment with me were two soldiers' wives, who complained of a fruitless journey to near the battle-front to see their husbands. It was not allowed and they were returning disappointed. One had an armful of lilacs and daisies which she shared with me. Indeed, the great number of flowers one saw gave a holiday air to the throng that got off the train that Saturday afternoon at the Gare du Nord. There were children

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carrying whole baskets of bloom, women half hidden by huge bouquets and scarcely a man but clutched a little bunch of lilies-of-the-valley and held it high lest the white bells be broken as he pushed through the crowd. At a glance it might have passed for the Saturday evening traffic in almost any busy station: children coming in from an afternoon in the country, women paying visits to city friends and travelling salesmen coming home to spend the week-end with their families. People were separating and being met, with kisses on both cheeks, French fashion; others were hurrying to the underground or looking for taxicabs; but whatever they did they did so intently—just a little more intently than any ordinary occasion would warrant. Almost every man who clutched his nosegay and forged through the crowd wore the light blue uniform of the French army, and almost every woman and child belonged to the wearer of such a uniform, here or far away. Hand clasps were closer, greetings tenderer, the interchange of sweet commonplaces dearer than ever they had been before. For back of it all was the knowledge of that shifting, struggling, heroic, human line in the north.

Disillusioning Dick

Continued from page 19

the prompt table, the assistant stage manager noting the gettings up and the siftings down, the crosses and other business designed to lend life to the barren printed text. Never had the procedure, thin enough at best, seemed more shallow, more futile. To spring upon that cold, bleak stage and impersonate one of these ferocious Nihilistic individuals was hard enough at best: to do so, feeling as I did, was impossible.

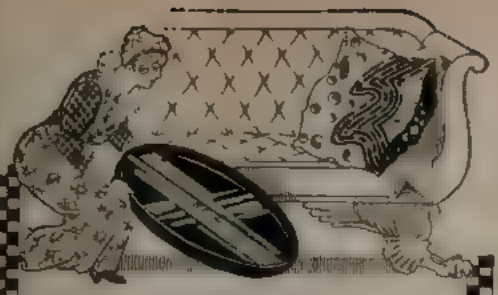
My turn came.

"Mr. Parks," called the stage manager, "kindly walk to that window as though you meant it."

I tried again, every step shooting pain up through my eye and down my spine.

"Not a bit like it!" cried the stage manager, losing his temper. "In this play you are supposed to be a man of towering passion. Every step you take should tell of your vindictive cruelty. When you go to that window to see if the woman is gone, go as if you meant it: don't mince like Gertie at her dancing lesson!"

Smarting under his opprobrious rebuke, I carried my nose, for a third time, painfully to the window—or the place where the window should have been—and, craning my neck, tried to scowl impressively at the unoffensive



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brick wall of the theatre, as if it were the lady I was pursuing.

"No!" roared he stage manager

"Then come up and do it yourself!" I roared back, throwing down my part and kicking it viciously into the orchestra, part of the stage sticking in the sole of my shoe

Said Madame in her sweetest chest notes, conciliatingly "Mr. Parks is really not well to-day."

The walk I used in getting to the door was just the walk I should have used in getting to the window. In the entry stood Christie.

"Dick," she commanded, "you can't desert the ship like this. It's not square. On the eve of a performance, too. You'll be blacklisted everywhere."

"Do you think I'll stand that for twenty-five dollars a week?" I demanded, still raging. "Do you think I'm obliged to let a Broadway bum——"

"Sh-s-s-sh——!"

"——tell me I walk like 'Gertie at her dancing lesson?' Not on your life!"

"Come out here, my child," said Christie soothingly

"Don't baby me," I warned. "I won't stand it!"

She led me into the sunlight.

"Let me see your tongue," she continued, cornering me in a sheltered angle of the wall. "Way out. That's the ticket. Yes; just as I thought—"

"I'll tell you now," I declared, pulling in my tongue, "I won't see a doctor. I've never taken a drop of medicine in my life. And I won't begin now"

Christie laid a quieting hand on my arm and said. "I'll be your doctor."

She sent me back to my hotel and went herself to a druggist's, stocking up on sundry heroic, but practical, aids to optimism; wrote a long, very business-like letter of instructions, and sent the whole by messenger to my room

On the night of the opening, thanks to Christie—it seemed wonderful how much the child knew—I felt better limp but better. The house was sold out. Carriages and motors flashed up The cream of society came to see Madame's latest French play The foyer was heaped with flowers The manager, in dress clothes, stood bowing at the ticket-taker's elbow. Now and then he stepped aside to inform some shamefaced stock actor that the free list was suspended.

On stage, the property men were adding the last touch to the scene One brought the pen and ink for the will, doing a step or two as he walked and whistling. Another brought a French newspaper and placed it carefully on the spot marked on the table the black head-lines upward. The fake palms in papier-maché jardinières with the damaged side upstage were adjusted in the windows. A bit of embroidery from Madame's dressing room, in one play thrown picturesquely over a settee,

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was in this play thrown picturesquely over the piano. A boy in shirt sleeves ran a carpet sweeper over the rug. Letters and cards were placed in readiness on a salver at one of the entrances; also some brown sugar in water which, under the guise of sherry, was to be in at the death. Everything was in readiness

Below stairs two actors in stiff, artificial beards paraded the basement between property trunks and costume baskets. In normal life these two men were bosom friends. Now they passed and repassed without seeing each other, mumbling to themselves. Only once did they speak:

"What time is it now, Ned?"

"Two minutes past eight, Sam."

"Getting near!" Shake of the head.

"That's right!" Sickly smile.

And they recommenced their march. It always surprised me to find old stagers nervous before a performance. These men were always nervous. For three hours each evening the palms of their hands were wet from excitement. Their livelihood depended on their reputations. They were actors, nothing else; small salaried character actors, half the time waiting, waiting, waiting at some Broadway corner. And by what a slender hair is suspended the sword of public opinion! And what tragic capers do dramatic writers, amusing their readers, play with the market value of the services of these men! How helpless they are. Is it any wonder that this tall, strong man's voice shook when he said: "It's getting near."

In one of the cell-like dressing rooms was a rustle of silk; the door was thrown open.

"Whew!" said a stout woman, agasp for air.

It was the married woman I had often seen pottering over a tea basket, the owner of the motherly voice. Now she was resplendent in the paste jewelry and the high, white wig of a modern French countess. Her manuscript was propped against the mirror and she, too, mumbled as she applied the rabbit's foot to her cheek and dusted a little poudre de riz upon her own dark locks where they showed beneath the wig.

Next door was I, my face enclosed in Nihilist whiskers. My nose had partly resumed its normal size and color, but still smoldered angrily, a rich plum purple. It certainly "went" with the whiskers. I knew my part backward. On the night previous I had amused Christie and myself by beginning with the last word on the last page and reciting back to my entrance.

"Second act!" announced the call boy, tapping at my door.

Up to that moment I had been fairly

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calm. Now a thrill went through me. What was my first word? I had forgotten. I could think of the last word in any speech I wanted, but the opening phrase was writ in water. That's what I got for being funny and learning the part backward. With apprehensive fingers I tumbled the manuscript open and hastily reread the part emphasizing the first word in each speech. Oh if I could but write the wrong thing in shorthand on my cuff and take it with me! But, alas! I bade good-by to the printed lines, gave them a final hand shake, and tore myself away. At the top of the stairs; what was my first word? Good again! Good bye! With my heart suddenly palpitating I rushed back to my dressing room, caught up the precious manuscript and conned the doubtful speeches on the scenery near my entrance. Then, retiring to an obscure corner, I patted myself on the diaphragm and said:

"Ah-h-h—" An octave lower: "Ah-h-h—"

There was a hole in the curtain for counting the audience. I walked up to take a look. Bending down, much to my surprise—let me say horror, for it was an uncanny thing—I found an eye looking in at me! I drew back with a start. Had some person in the audience climbed on the stage to steal a squint at the wheels? But the lights in the house were on. Absurd. He'd make a monkey of himself. Boldly I advanced for another solution. The eye was still there. From behind me came a titter. I turned. There were three stage hands giving a living picture of the Laocoon, only theirs was an agony of suppressed mirth. I feigned not to notice, put my nose in the air and again bent to the curtain. It was my own eye: a bit of mirror the size of a dime had been let into the canvas. The real lookout was at the other end of the stage.

"I buy!" I laughed.

The music stopped.

"Clear!" commanded the stage manager.

We scurried out like rabbits.

A buzz in the loft, and the curtain rose. I heard the voices on the stage intoning the familiar lines with new emphasis and fire. This was a real play now, a very real and serious proposition. The critics were out in front and a ten-thousand-dollar production was at stake. The public had come to pass judgment. While I listened, I heard one of the old actors, who had been pacing the basement, stumble over his lines and forget what came next—"dry up," as they call it—until the sibilant voice of the stage manager came to his aid. It gave me a turn, and I dug my nose into the lines pinned on the scenery like some voracious anteater. So intent was I on getting a last grip on them that I missed my cue.

"Parks! Parks! Where's Parks?"

"Here I am," I responded, innocently.

"For God's sake, go on! They're waiting for you!"

I gulped and fell through the door. The footlights blinded me. Beyond them, dimly, were splashes of white and the glint of opera glasses. The man with whom I was to play the scene gave me my cue, then repeated it, adding the first line of my speech in an undertone. I tried to speak. I opened my mouth. It was parched. It was dry as a desert, and as silent. Nothing whatever doing in the voice works. Oh, if I could only pat myself on the diaphragm! Again I tried, the audience meanwhile growing restive and turning programmes to see who I was; this time a thin trickle of sound sprang from the rock of my silence. I

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moved through the business of the scene in a daze. I answered mechanically, not knowing what I said.

There came occasional lucid intervals when I remembered a gesture I had practiced before the glass—an illuminating flash, a steeple seen by lightning—and I would give the gesture. I could remember giving it. My mind clung to it while I went on talking of something else; I wondered how it looked, if it had the right strength and dignity. I heard whispers, like the hissing of teakettles, from all corners of the stage. They were miles away. Faintly they combined: then, as my mind grasped them, swelled into a tumultuous storm:

"Louder! Louder!"

And I thought I was shouting. Christie met me at my exit.

"Dick," she said, quickly, in my ear, "drink this!"

I felt a tumbler against my teeth.

"How was it?" I asked falteringly. "I can't remember a thing!"

"You're all right," she assured me. "Keep cool. You're doing fine. Talk louder."

"This beats the Skull and Keys initiation!" I remember saying.

With her little postage stamp of a handkerchief she dried my forehead and lips.

The worst was yet to come. I had seen Madame act: I had never acted a scene with her under full pressure. The rehearsals were child's play compared with what met me at my second entrance. It took me so by surprise that for a moment I thought it personal; perhaps on account of the fizzle I had made of my first scene.

"Monster! Assassin!" she shrieked, springing upon me like a beast in the jungle. Her hand was at my throat. Her hot breath was in my face. Her eyes were pushing out from under her forehead. There was saliva on her lips and the words possessed fangs that crashed through my brain and stunned me. I dodged. Naturally, I ducked. Who wouldn't? I was supposed to catch her wrist with one hand and put her masterfully into a chair. Derail a locomotive coming at full speed and with one hand? Between you and me, if I hadn't got out of the way I should have been projected through the scenery. As it was, she was projected through the scenery. In the effort to catch herself she caught—what do you suppose? why, of course, the only thing on the stage to catch—my nose!

I howled. Have you ever heard a coyote howl at night on the range? I couldn't help it. It was pure reflex. And her clutching fingers carried away half my beard!

Had it not been for this last mishap

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the audience might have accepted the rest as real. It certainly was real to both of us. But to see my face suddenly half denuded of the fierce bomb-throwing whiskers was too much for them. There was a general burst of laughter. It crackled and snapped with hand-clapping.

A bunch of crepe hair, like a scalp lock, was tangled in Madame's fingers She couldn't shake it off. It was sticky with spirit gum and when she picked it from one hand it stuck to the other In desperation she rubbed it on her skirt and the whiskers remained there, like mistletoe on an oak. The audience rocked like a hillside of flowers in a hurricane

It is remarkable how the effort at self-preservation had cleared my mind. I was the only one, apparently, in the entire theatre, on either side of the footlights, who hadn't lost control of himself. My lines were as clear as electrotype on the page of my mind. I went right on with my part, thoughtfully turning the bald side of my face away from the audience, just as the damaged sides of the jardiniéres were turned up stage. But to no avail. The act was killed. Supposed to be tragic, with all the preceding scenes building to a melodramatic thrill, it was impossible to persuade the audience to take it seriously; and the curtain fell on a labored, but uninspired, climax

Madame didn't speak to me during the rest of the evening. The others glanced at me askance. Politely they refrained from mentioning the mishap, which was as good a way as any of rubbing salt into the wound. Christie was the only one who seemed at all human. And when the performance was at last ended I took her around to the College Inn and bought her some oysters.

"I'm going to quit this," said I. "I'm completely cured. Anyone that wants to be an actor may; Little Nemo doesn't want to. He is now wide awake and resolves: Don't day-dream about being a leading man with a letter-box congested with mash letters, unless you can begin at the top or cut out the one-night stands."

You poor child !" said Christie

"Christie," said I, folding my arms and leaning toward her, "I have postponed saying something to you until I could decide about acting. Now that I've decided—and decided to go back to home and mother—I want you to come, too. Will you ? You don't like this business; I don't like this business Let's quit it. Let's go to the ranch, and the pond lilies no larger than your dear, little, white fist. What do you say?"

"And go out barefoot to milk the nice, cream-colored Jersey heifers ?'

"Will you ?"

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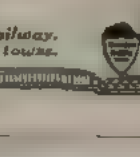

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Realize, therefore, the great opportunity presented to Canadian farmers owing to the present European conditions. Europe must look to the North American Continent to feed her great populations, which insures highest prices for grain and food products for some years. Here is the opportunity. The present time, your opportunity. Do it today. Investigate. You owe it to yourself and family. The best land will be taken first, so time is precious. **Write today for books illustrated.**

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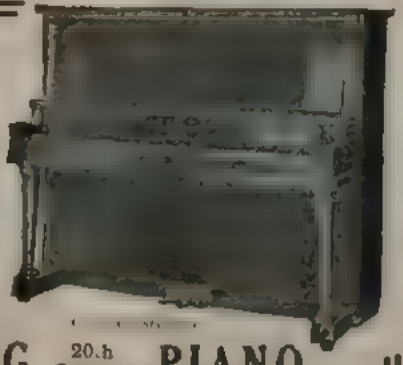
For Sale Town Lots in all growing towns, on lines of Canadian Pacific Railway. Ask for information concerning Industrial and Business openings in these towns.

This Ad Will Save You $100



We have been before the Canadian public for many years with a straight offer of $100 saving on the purchase of a piano, because of factory-to-user methods and prices.

Thousands have profited. The outcome of business methods and a strict fulfilment of every advertised promise has built up a great modern plant for the exclusive manufacture of the

SHERLOCK-MANNING 20th Century PIANO

"Canada's Biggest Piano Value"

The action, hammers, and strings we use are the finest money can buy. The Sherlock-Manning represents the utmost in piano work[illegible]. Write for it and read the plain facts.

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"Sounds terribly attractive," laughed Christie, with her little, teasing laugh.

"You know my mother'd simply go daffy over you. She always wanted a daughter. Why, she'd take you in those dear warm arms of hers and I make you forget there ever were such things as one-night stands. Say you'll come."

"You dear kid!" she said, and laughed uncomfortably. Then she took up the bill of fare saying "What shall we eat next?"

I took the bill of fare away from her, just as I might a story book from a child with a lesson to recite. She seemed so small, so unprotected, so dependent, with her big black eyes and red mouth, innocent but face.

"Christie, why won't you come? I love you and we shall have everything we need to make us comfortable and happy."

"Well," she began, looking away for a moment, a smile playing round her lips. "I've already got a home over Lorne and every summer when I go back to it there are two kiddies waiting to see me. One is almost grown up, and the other is married." She lowered her voice: "Soon I shall be a grandmother!"

And the ring on seeing my satisfaction reached over and touched my hand and said a little wistfully:

"Don't forget me, Dick!"

Ceilings Limited

Continued from page 33

barber shops—on the ceilings. There'll be a fortune in it."

"You think that hair-brained scheme will amount to anything?"

"Hair-brained, William?" reproved Cyrus Parks. "It's as clever an idea and as sure fine a medium as I have ever seen. I'm going to look into it to-day!"

Billy Forsythe settled himself in a chair at the other side of the desk and reached for the telephone.

Cyrus Parks heard this aggressive person call his own number and ask for his daughter. The conversation seemed to stun him because he hadn't even attempt to stop William throughout the fifteen minute talk with Alice that he was taking the time of a very busy man. Even after the click of the telephone told him that Alice had hung up, he didn't move.

"Let's talk rates then before Alice gets here," William said. "I suppose you heard me ask her to come down town and tell you how much she thinks of the president of Ceilings Limited."

USE

O-Cedar Polish

WITH WATER HALF AND HALF

and the results will delight you. Just dampen a piece of cheesecloth with water, add an equal quantity of polish and go over your furniture and woodwork. Finish off with a dry cloth and you will have a hard, dry, durable lustre. Needs very little rubbing.

Use it on furniture, varnished wordwork, pianos, automobiles, etc., according to directions.

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CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO.

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Old Fort Edmonton

Continued from page 23.

in the winter of 1873, from Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie river (nearly twelve hundred miles north of Edmonton), the journey occupying fifty-five days of actual travel. His French half-breed driver walked and ran the entire distance on snow shoes, often going ahead of the dogs "making track" for days at a time.

Several of Christie's children are still living, two of the sons being in the Hudson's Bay Company's service, and a daughter, Mrs. Malcolm Groat, still resides in Edmonton, in a stately home near the Government House

THE history of Richard Hardisty as the next to the last Chief Factor of Fort Edmonton, is so closely bound up with that of his widow, Mrs. Eliza Victoria Hardisty, who still lives in Edmonton, that an interview with her may suffice for both. Mrs. Hardisty also has another claim upon the attention of all interested in early days in the North-West on account of being the daughter of the pioneer Methodist missionary, Rev. George McDougall. Mr. McDougall and his wife, formerly Elizabeth Chantler, from a Quaker family, and a most efficient helpmate, established their first mission in the north about 1860, at Norway House on Lake Winnipeg. Three years later, they moved to what is now Alberta, where five children, including Mrs. Hardisty, still survive them. These are David McDougall, and Rev. John McDougall, of Calgary, and Mesdames Harrison Young, and William Leslie Wood, of Edmonton. These sisters form a very remarkable trio, of whom a separate article of great interest could be written, and probably will be Their husbands were all Hudson's Bay Company's officials, and had much to do with Fort Edmonton. Harrison Young was a son of Hon. John Young, of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Young's daughter, Mrs. Roy, is now wife of the Canadian Ambassador at Paris.

The stately edifice known as the McDougall Methodist Church is a fitting Edmonton monument to George McDougall and his family. On its site he built largely with his own hands, the first church building in Edmonton, a modest mission, yet the first noteworthy structure outside the stockades of old Fort Edmonton

In 1865 Elizabeth McDougall was married to Richard G. Hardisty, the final one of the three great Chief Factors of Edmonton House, although at that time he was but Chief Trader. Rowand, Christie, and Hardisty served a combined period of over sixty years at the head of Fort Edmonton affairs. Hardisty received the greatest political

NEW Book of Knox Gelatine

Recipes is just out—we will send it to you

FREE

Besides the NEW recipes for **Desserts, Salads, Puddings, Candies, Ice Creams and Ices,** this book contains the very latest in **Table Setting and Serving.** Valuable recipes, too, for the **Invalid and Convalescent.**

This is one of the NEW IDEAS from the NEW BOOK

A SALAD-DESSERT

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
2 cups boiling water
½ cup mild vinegar
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
[illegible] teaspoonful salt
3 cups fresh fruit, cut in small pieces

Soak gelatine in cold water [illegible] add boiling water, lemon juice, sugar, and salt [illegible] add fruit [illegible] In combination, [illegible] dipped in cold water [illegible] leaves [illegible] raise or boiled as [illegible]

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Why This Car Has Outsold Anything Of Its Size Ever Designed

Practically every feature of the car has been tested and proved in thousands upon thousands of Overlands which preceded it.

There was the experience to warrant larger production.

There was the reputation to assure larger sales.

This justified a production program calling for 75,000 cars—twice as many as had ever been built of any car so big as this.

Such enormous production and probable sales determined the price—$750.

The record value established by so low a price resulted in the greatest demand ever known for so big a car.

Sales have run constantly ahead even of the enormous production.

The car is the ideal family size—it carries five passengers in roomy comfort.

It has the same powerful, economical 35 horsepower motor which made previous Overlands famous.

But as this is a lighter car there is even more reserve power.

It has that certainty of ignition provided only by high tension magneto.

It has the comfort provided by long under-slung rear springs and four-inch tires.

It has convenience of electric control—switches are on the steering column. This arrangement is found only on the Overland and a few very much higher priced cars.

It has a full streamline body and a beautiful finish—you will have justifiable pride in its appearance.

Sales have forced a production even larger than originally planned.

Production is increasing steadily.

See the Overland dealer now.

Specifications—Model 83.

35 Horsepower motor
High tension magneto ignition
5 [illegible]
Thermo-syphon cooling
Underslung rear springs
33"x4" tires [illegible] rear
Demountable rims with one extra
Electric starting and lighting
Headlight dimmers
Rain [illegible]
Instrument board on cowl dash
Left-hand drive centre control
One-man top, top cover
Magnetic speedometer

Models and Prices

Model 83 Touring $1050 f. o. b. Hamilton
Model 83 Roadster $1015 f. o. b. Hamilton
Model 86 6-cylinder 7 passenger Touring $1600 f. o. b. Hamilton

Catalogues on request. Please address Department 3.

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ontario

recognition of all, being appointed the first Senator from the North-West Territories, in the Dominion Parliament a little over a year before his death, which occurred as a result of a runaway accident near Regina, in 1890

Chief Factor Hardisty and his father-in-law, Rev. George McDougall were largely instrumental in securing the introduction here of the Royal North West Mounted Police who have since been a symbol of law, order and peace in the frontier countries.

It seemed to run in the blood for the Hardistys to be prominent Hudson's Bay men. Richard's brother, William, and their father before them, were Chief Factors. His sister married Donald Smith, who afterward became Lord Strathcona. Both Lord and Lady Strathcona, as will be remembered, have passed away in the last two years, he being in his ninety-third year and active as Canadian High Commissioner in London to the last.

For nearly twenty years the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Hardisty was known throughout the length and breadth of the North-West. The "Big House" in the centre of the quadrangle, known as "Rowand's Folly", was getting old and inadequate for the demands on it, so they tore it down and built another "Big House" outside the stockades, on the site of the present Provincial Parliament Building, where it did service until destroyed by fire eight years ago.

Mrs. Hardisty's present home is near Joseph McDonald's, and like it, commands a fine view of the old Fort buildings across the river. In mind and body she is as active as a girl. The son, Richard G. Hardisty, familiarly known as "Dick" held his wedding reception in the old Fort in 1893. He is now Captain of the 49th Canadian Infantry, enlisted for the present European War, and is said to be in line of early promotion for Major. His son, Sidney, aged nineteen, is in the 28th Battery of the Canadian Field Artillery.

Mrs. Hardisty contributed the photograph of Fort Edmonton in 1867, for this article. The original was a [illegible] painted in oils upon a planed board by Father E. Petitot, and presented to her about 1875. It still occupies a prominent place in a rustic frame in her reception room.

Another pioneer, who came to Edmonton shortly after Mrs. Hardisty's people arrived here, is James Gibbons, who, while never officially connected with "The Great Company" yet was frequently associated with the life of old Fort Edmonton, Mr. Gibbons who was born in Ireland in 1837, is one of the leading spirits in Edmonton's pioneer organization, that is officially known by the name "Old Timers." He was a placer gold miner from California," Idaho and Montana, and celebrated his arrival here by washing out twenty-five dollars worth of gold per day on the banks and bars of the Saskatchewan. In addition, he has been a fur trader, observer of the Riel Red River Rebellion and government Indian Agent at Stoney Plains from 1898 to 1908

Few professional men have had the frontier experiences of Dr. William Morrison McKay, who lives on an Edmonton avenue near a public school building, both of which bear his name. Dr. McKay's association with Fort Edmonton was confined to incidental practice there. He is a graduate of Edinburgh University, arriving at York Factory from Scotland in 1864, as surgeon for the Hudson's Bay Company. It was soon discovered that he combined executive ability with professional skill, and the Company assigned him the dual position of Chief Factor and Head Surgeon for the North-West, and in these capacities he served

Buy now and save money.

You can buy CEETEE UNDERWEAR this Fall, about one-third cheaper than you will probably have to pay for it next Fall.

"CEETEE"
UNDERCLOTHING
ALL PURE WOOL - GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE
MEANS ECONOMY PLUS COMFORT

Wool has gone up from 50 to 75% in price since war was declared, yet "CEETEE" UNDERWEAR remains the same price at present because most "CEETEE" dealers had the foresight to place their orders for fall requirements *before* the great advance in wool and yarns, and the fact that we had a large stock of wool on hand, therefore made up what we could out of our old stock at the **old prices,** but in the future we shall be compelled to charge higher prices according to the market price of wool and "CEETEE" UNDERWEAR will, of necessity, cost much more.

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In all Sizes, for Men, Women and Children

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GALT • ONT.

LOOK FOR THE SHEEP ON EVERY GARMENT

Putting up meadow hay in the Nechako Valley

Stock thrives on the rich grasses in the Nechako Valley

Farming Opportunities in British Columbia

Come to the Rich, Sunny, Mild

NECHAKO VALLEY

on the Main Line of the Grand Trunk Pacific

Let this Board of Trade, which has nothing to sell, give you reliable, disinterested, free information.

LEARN about the wonderful opportunities for farming and stock raising in the fertile Nechako Valley, the largest and richest connected area of agricultural land in British Columbia. Fertile soil. Mild, bracing climate. The best mixed farming country in Western Canada. On the main line of a transcontinental railroad. Near good, growing towns. Near schools and churches.

Government Department of Lands says: "The Valley of the Nechako comprises one of the finest areas of land in British Columbia." Dr. Dawson, the well-known Government expert and investigator, says, "The Nechako Valley is the largest connected area of lands susceptible to cultivation in the whole Province of British Columbia."

Here is independence and health calling to you! The Nechako Valley needs settlers In our own immediate neighborhood are many thousands of acres of good, fertile, well located land which you can buy at a very low price.

This Board of Trade does not deal in land nor anything else. It only wants to bring you and the land together. The land is here, waiting for you It will bring you big harvests every year and keep on swelling your bank balance

Let this disinterested Board of Trade advise you about the farming and stock raising opportunities in this rich Valley. Tell us how much land you want, what experience you have had in farming, approximately what you are prepared to pay for the land and what resources you have to put it under crop. YOU DO NOT OBLIGATE YOURSELF IN ANY WAY AND THE INFORMATION WILL BE KEPT CONFIDENTIAL. We will advise you honestly, frankly, whether there is an opportunity for you here and if so, where and why. We will bring you and the land together

If you have slaved in a more rigorous winter climate, away from neighbors, away from green trees and clear, running water, come to the Nechako Valley and enjoy life and prosperity.

Write to-day. Investigate AT ANY RATE. You owe that to yourself and your family. There is no obligation on your part and OUR SERVICE IS FREE.

There are several good business openings for progressive men and women in this fast growing town. If you are interested write to-day. Remember this Board of Trade has nothing to sell you.

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We have nothing to sell.

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as far north as Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie River, and Forts Resolution and Rae on Great Slave Lake. He was active in suppressing the Indian smallpox epidemic of 1871. He gives much credit to Bishop Grouard of Little Slave Lake, now approaching his fiftieth anniversary of service among the Northern Indians, for the assistance he rendered in getting the Indians to submit to vaccination, during that dreadful scourge which was finally overcome in 1872. Dr. McKay's last active service with the Company ceased with 1899, after a long and successful management of the Posts in the Peace River District.

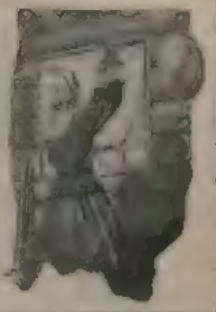
William T. Livock, the last of Chief Factors at Fort Edmonton, from 1890 to 1912, did not have the opportunities to make a great record such as several of his illustrious predecessors made, for the encroachment of civilization began to do away with the "old order." Toward the close, much of Livock's work consisted in winding up the affairs of the Comapny in a community whose growth rendered the old Trading Post both difficult to maintain and superfluous. Not long before his retirement from active service with the Comapny he celebrated his prospective release by renouncing bachelorhood while on the shady side of sixty, and several fair haired children now play among the old Fort cannons on the lawn of his home on Saskatchewan Avenue overlooking the river banks and the scenes of his former labors.

Among the things that especially impress the casual observer and reader who is interested enough to browse around the old records and associations connected with the Hudson s Bay Company s Forts and Trading Posts, is the preponderance of Scotchmen among the Chief Factors. In one Company record it was observed that out of a total of two hundred and sixty three Chief Factors, over sixty-five per cent. were Scotch. The following are the figures in detail; Scotch, 171; English 50; Irish, 22; French-Canadian, 11.

It rests now with the Provincial Parliament to say whether these old buildings shall be preserved, or whether the wealth of historic association for which they stand shall be wiped out. The writer has seen old Catholic Missions in California, that were much nearer complete decay and collapse than these buildings, restored and preserved as a delight to the present and future generations. The same amount of money spent on these buildings would not only restore and preserve them, but would also equip them as museums of pioneer relics, which would otherwise be scattered, lost, and forgotten.

How Puritan Women Made Home Cosy

To secure privacy, they tacked oiled paper over their windows. How different from to-day, when Hartshorn Improved Shade Rollers allow window shades to be pulled up and down instantly! Hartshorn Rollers have been the greatest factor in bringing about the sweeter home privacy, which we enjoy to-day. Over 10,000,000 are in use. They do not crack and crumple shades; they always work right. No tacks are necessary.



FREE—Send for a booklet, "How to Get the Best Service From Your Shade Rollers." When you buy, be sure that the roller bears this signature in script

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25¢ **BICYCLE** CLUB INDEXES **PLAYING CARDS** MADE IN CANADA

For Social Play

Congress Playing Cards, by Art designed To please the eye and entertain the mind.

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The Non-skid tread of Bicycle Playing Cards girdles the World.

Ivory or Air-Cushion Finish

THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO., TORONTO, CANADA.

Cupid and Avoirdupois

Continued from page 27.

could admire; he noted that the hand which hung limply over the back of her large chair was small and shapely, and when, partly from curiosity (and other reasons he did not at the moment analyze,) he was emboldened to pat it, he was surprised at the coolness of her skin and the velvet smoothness. She was even developing a waist line—"not such a whale of a waist, either," said Ben to himself. Aloud, he mused,

"You're losin' weight, ain't you, Rose?"

For Rosie, the world s opped up short; this was the beginning of the end. There was no use for her to try to deny her trouble any longer. In the dim light of the baggage car, punctuated by tremendous sobs, she confided to Ben the loss of nearly 200 pounds.

"I'll not last out the season," she moaned. "Even if Dave don't fire me—an' he would 'a noticed me shrinkin' long ago, if he wasn't so everlastin' busy with them new Concession rows—even if he don't fire me, I got the decency to quit, myself. Right now, at this minute, Louie of the Arena, is an easy two hundred an' fifty ahead of me. An' I've seen the day when I called her a pore little shrimp. Oh! Oh—h!"

"What'll you do?" asked Ben, sympathetically.

He was sitting quite close to Rosie by this time, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world to put his arm around her—he didn't find her such a forbidding armful either. Ben was a husky big fellow himself.

"Oh, I ain't got no cause to worry 'bout money," she answered artfully.

Try Seven Bran Days

Bran is not a cathartic. Its benefit comes from habitual use. A week of bran will win you to having every week like that.

Pettijohn's is a morning dainty made by flaking a special soft white wheat. Into the flakes we roll 25% of tender, unground bran. Thus we make an efficient, delicious bran food.

Next week serve it every morning. Then let its results decide the weeks to come. Just prove its goodness and its good effects.

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Rolled Wheat with Bran Flakes

If your grocer hasn't Pettijohn's, send us his name and 15 cents in stamps for a package by parcel post. We'll then ask your store to supply it. Address

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THOROUGH daily cleansing with the mild, creamy lather of PALMOLIVE is the surest means of securing the healthy natural complexion that bears close inspection. Thus the *Palmolive doctrine of soap and water* has been adopted by hundreds of thousands of progressive women, who appreciate the value of this scientific combination of Nature's greatest cleansing agents.

The value of these famous oils was discovered 3000 years ago by the royal women of ancient Egypt, who derived great benefit from their use even though obliged to use them in their crude natural state.

Fortunate modern women are inheritors of their great discovery.

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The PALMOLIVE line includes PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO, which is pure liquid PALMOLIVE especially prepared to make proper care of the hair easy, and PALMOLIVE CREAM, a delightful cream which freshens and invigorates the complexion.

All sold everywhere by leading dealers. For trial packages please accept our

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Its fragrance is pleasant

but the great value of Baby's Own Soap is its creamy softening lather which cleanses and beautifies the skin

Doctors and nurses recommend Baby's Own.

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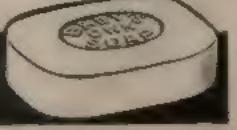

Best for Baby... Best for You

"I ain't spent much an' three years of the show business ain't done bad by me. But—but—it's leavin'; that's the idee that queers me—it's quittin' the Carnival, an—"

Disembarkation put an end to further confidences, and the Carvinal opened for a week's run in Merryville. It was there that Dave Brothers noticed the alarming shrinkage in the Fattest Girl on Earth. He overheard two farmers criticizing her show.

"Aw, shucks," said one, "that's a reg'lar frost!"

"Sure," answered the other. "Why, that gal ain't fat. I've seen a dozen bigger'n her. That Louie we seen in the Carnival las' spring had her beat by a couple o' hund'ed pounds."

The next morning he looked her over with a critically appraising eye.

"Say, kid, you're losin' flesh, ain't yuh?" he asked in his gruff way.

Rosie lifted her big blue eyes to his face, and had no need to answer.

They stared at one another in silence a moment, then Dave broke out complainingly,

"Well, darn me, if yuh got any reason to go back on me that-a-way, Rosie! I ain't come up against nothin' but the hoodoo spell this trip, an' the las' person in the world I expected to give me the frost was you. Not that yuh ain't a sight prettier," he went on slowly, and with a sort of dazed wonder in his eyes. "Why, your face is changed right smart. Yuh look ten years younger—I can't keep sore against yuh, Rosie. Yuh look sweet enough to kiss."

And he suited the action to the word, thereby causing a flood of sentimental tears from the one-time Fattest Girl on Earth.

"I kep' hopin', Dave," she said, presently, "that some pills an ole saw bones g'mme, would bring me up again. But I've about give it up. He said I might jes' nachelly go on, gettin' normal. I can't eat—ain't that the limit? I don't put away no more food than Tom, now, and even that's a struggle. An' the other day," she lowered her voice, though there was no one near enough to hear, "I got up and down from the platform, my own self, jes' as easy as though I was Jackson, th' human tooth pick. Honest, in another mont', I'll be able to get into ready-mades. Ain't it hard on a girl, Dave?"

"What'll you do?" The manager repeated Ben's question.

"Oh, I'll go back to the farm an' take to milkin' cows, or feedin' chickens, or sumpin. There's lots of work fer a girl who can walk, I reckon."

Dave nodded, gloomily.

"An' say," Rosie continued, "I better pull down my rags, Dave. There was a couple o' soreheads in here, yes-

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Panama-Pacific Exposition
San Francisco, 1915

GRAND PRIZE
Panama-California Exposition
San Diego, 1915

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It has the delicious taste and natural color of high-grade cocoa beans; it is skilfully prepared by a perfect mechanical process; without the use of chemicals, flavoring or artificial coloring matter. It is pure and wholesome, conforming to the Canadian Pure Food Laws.

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Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free on request.

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The Original and Only Genuine

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Minard's Liniment

terday, who said I wasn't half the size o' Louie. An' that ain't no jest, either. I don't want to put the Carnival on the bum, Dave, so I'm ready to light out, jes' soon 's you give the word."

The manager looked down into the pretty upturned face and swore.

"By Gawd, Rosie," he cried, "I can't leave you go! I got kinder uster you round: I'd feel there was sumpin missin' if you was to pull out. How'd it be if I was to carry you fer a while? Mebbe, after a couple o' weeks, you'd pick up, some."

With a radiant smile, Rosie consented to this unprecedented piece of generosity, although she held out no hopes of recovering her lost avoirdupois. A deal of her cheerfulness returned, though why she should be cheerful with a good fat job behind her, was something her companion could not possibly understand.

The day came toward the end of the season, when Rosie travelled in the ordinary coach, for the first time since joining the Carnival. She wore a ravishingly becoming ready-made suit which cost her thirty dollars.

Then came a Tuesday morning when there was nothing special for Ben to do and he sat in a small tent which Dave had apportioned to Rosie. Naturally, the conversation turned to the queer change which had befallen her.

"So you're goin' back to the farm?" he said slowly. "That'll be a kinder quiet life after Carnival, won't it, Rosie? D'ye think you'll be happy?"

She did not answer and he went on.

"Say, I was thinkin'—why don't you hang on round here, readin' palms or sumpin? It wouldn't take you long to learn off that dope. You won't be satisfied away from us, Rosie."

"No," she said, softly," I won't be satisfied away from you. But I gotta go. After holdin' my position, I couldn't come down to spielin' off fortunes all day long. I jes' couldn't do it, Ben. No, there's on'y one thing fer me—an' that's quit."

"Did—did you ever think o' gettin' married?" Ben asked after a pause.

"Yes, I did th nk about it, onct, Ben. That was when I was gatherin' in a hund'ed a week or thereabouts, an' leavin' mighty little of it escape me in expenses. I gotta little bunch o' change saved up, drawin' interest an' I figgered that with about fifty thousand bucks, I'd look a right attractive proposition to—to some feller without money. But now—"

"I shouldn't think you'd waste much time on that kind of a hound!" Ben broke in, angrily. "I hope to heaven, Rosie, you ain't goin' to do no foolishness—a-th'owin' yourself away on that kind o' a skate. He ain't worth your

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little finger, if he don't love you fer yourself alone!"

Rosie jumped. 'Love her for herself alone!' Donald Vere de Vere's very words to the beautiful Lady Iolanthe Travers! But oh, the unutterable sweetness of them coming from Ben's lips!

"A fat girl's too big a order fer most ordinary men," she said, nervously.

"Well, baby doll, you ain't too fat now," said Ben, boldly. "You're the sweetest thing in the whole worl', an' I'm dippy about you. Say, will you be Mrs. Ben Cary, darlin' and name the day?"

"But Ben," she gasped after a delirious moment, "what'll we do if I can't earn no more money? You can't hang around a Carnival sellin' confetti to a bunch o' rubes with me a-tied to you."

Mr. Cary smiled a Successful Smile.

"Can the worry, honey bee! Don't

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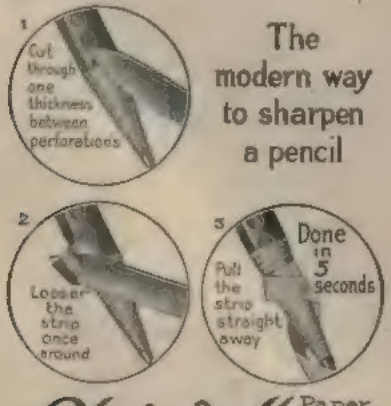

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give it house room in your life!" He playfully bored further into the dimple nestling in her cheek. "I've done bought half interest in Dave Brothers' concern, an' we start out after fair time, as THE WORLD'S GREATEST AMUSEMENT COMPANY. Do you get that, Genevieve?"

The Jade Earring

Continued from page 40.

we raised him to his feet. For some reason that I could not understand Jeffrey did not avail himself of his torch, and we felt our way along in the dark. I noticed that the side pocket of Barton's coat was bulging with something heavy, and I felt more like a burglar than ever I had had leisure to feel since we had got into this room.

We squeezed through the low door into the closet and then out into the big room with the bay-window. When we got out into the corridor I almost balked, for the thread of light still shone through under the door and just as we reached it there was a sound as of a chair being pushed back. That settled it. No doors for us. We climbed down from the open window, using a perilous tree-limb or two and half-supporting the still shaky Barton.

The roar of the rain drowned the necessity for caution. Jeffrey spoke as naturally as if we had been sitting in his studio. "Better give him another swallow out of the flask, Drew. Oh, never mind the rain. It will do us all good. I only hope it doesn't stop."

Barton took a big drink, and then, without another word, we set out as briskly as we dared down the brick-paved path.

"Confound it," said Jeffrey presently, "the rain's slacking up."

"The clouds are breaking, too," said I, and I pointed over to the right, where a patch of gray sky appeared behind the black curtain. The curtain had a fringe of silver, too. There'd be a moon before long. As a matter of fact, under a swift, westerly breeze the sky was clearing with alarming rapidity. Alarming to me, at least. To my mind that group of watchers at the gate—the man who had slept and the man who had smoked his pipe, and Heaven knew how many more beside—were getting more formidable every moment.

But Jeffrey walked on, not seeming in the least disturbed, although we could now see the roadway plainly enough up to where it was swallowed in the darkness of the trees.

"Isn't the gate just beyond there?" I whispered.

To be continued.

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